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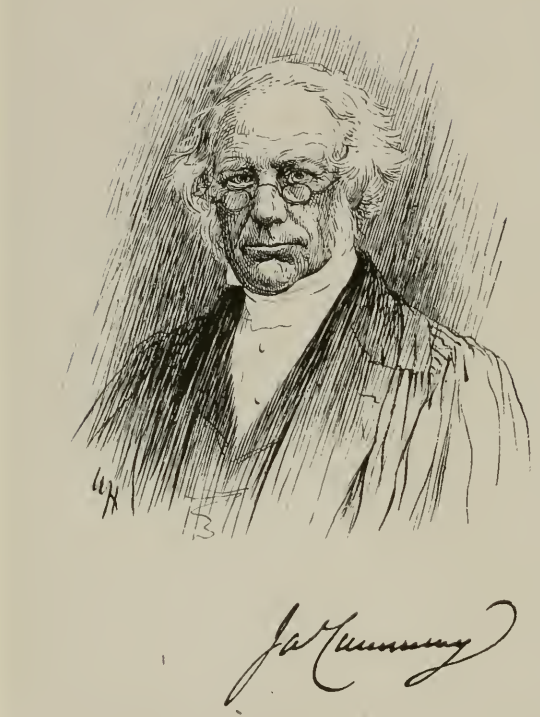
CHRONICLES OF

THE CUMMING CLUB

In spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the door of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. . . . . It was of no use to attempt to break away, so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, I with my penknife quietly severed the button from my coat and decamped.

CHARLES LAMB.



Chronicles of the
CUMMING CLUB
AND MEMORIES OF
OLD ACADEMY DAYS

M DCCC XLI — M DCCC XLVI

COMPILED BY

ALEXANDER FERGUSSON, Lt.-Colonel
HISTORIOGRAPHER TO THE CLUB

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

JAMES CUMMING

L L. D.

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED

WITH

AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE

scavoir ce qu'il aime ?" "For my part," says Montaigne, "I am a great lover of your white wines." "What signifies it to the public," says Scaliger, "whether he is a lover of white wines or red wines ?" '

For all that, it was the *Spectator's* conviction that, how shocking soever a great man's talking of himself may be to his contemporaries, he confessed he was never better pleased than when he found his author take all occasions of doing justice to himself in the handling of his subject. Such openings of the heart, he thought, serve to give an insight into character. And he used to add, with scant amiability, 'There is some little pleasure in discovering the

infirmity of a great man, and seeing how the opinion he has of himself agrees with that the world entertains of him.'

Now, when a small Society that has hitherto sought the shade steps forward to break the golden silence of five and thirty years, and lay open the fact of its existence, and somewhat of its inner life, there seems some ground for the imputation of an egotism such as has been spoken of.

But let us hasten to declare that the pages following are intended for a circle of readers that Time and other potent causes have very much contracted. In this—and in certain outer and concentric rings where the interest

graduates—there exists upon one point that desire for sympathy that is the product of leisurely thought and kindly retrospection, to satisfy which, in some degree, this little book has been compiled.

> 'There's no such thing in Nature; and you'll draw
> A faultless *Master*, that the world ne'er saw.'

Our belief, however, runs to the contrary; and, having run these many lustres and decades, has gathered strength and momentum hopeless to resist.

And this is part of the tenets of our creed—that however the principles of schoolmastering may be laid down, and the theories explained, in lectures and treatises of to-day, how an ignorant and erring little mortal may be put

in at one end of a scientific process, and turned out at the other a finished gentleman, in our time it came by the light of a kindly nature to a gentle-hearted man to do all this; and reap a rich crop of love and gratitude besides.

But we would not have it thought that any pretence is made in these records of our school days, that *we* were other than an average sample of the good old Academy's raw material; and, in our manhood, of her completed work.

We are not of those who would set Class against Class, or our own above the rest.

A grateful acknowledgment is due of sympathy bestowed and active in-

terest taken by divers persons, far too many to mention, in the work of making these records as complete as it has been possible to make them.

Thanks especially are due to James Carmichael, Esq., M.A., Senior Master at the Academy, who, himself a pupil at the School in Archdeacon Williams' time, has very kindly furnished several interesting facts of that far back age; and has been able, now and then, to render more distinct certain details which, it may be, the dippings in the forgetful Waters of Lethe, hereinafter mentioned, have somewhat obliterated, or partly caused 'to run.'

One word more is perhaps needed. It is hoped that this Chronicle will not

be thought to be of a complexion too Military. Some *seven-and-twenty* of the Class went into the Services, as will be seen, at an important juncture in the history of our country; and, with their weapons, have gathered in a goodly harvest of honours in the field and on the sea. *Thirty-nine* military decorations, including *six* of British and Foreign knightly 'Orders,' have fallen to the share of *the Class*.

To show how all this came about; and to record the achievements, no less heroic, of many of our class-fellows in Civil life; and of others with the pen; and to trace careers of quiet industry and usefulness, is the aim of the latter part of this volume, where it has been

attempted to make mention, however slight in some cases, of each one of those who were under Dr. Cumming's care at the Academy between the years 1841 and 1846 inclusive.

A. F.

Lennox Street, Edinburgh,
August 1887.

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ΤΗΣ ΣΟΦΙΑΣ

ΚΑΙ

ΤΗΣ ΑΡΕΤΗΣ

ΜΗΤΗΡ

PRIMA VESTIGIA

When that I was and a little tiny boy ;
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

A scholar of rare worth,
The gentlest man that kindly Nature drew.

E. CHANNING.

CHAPTER I.

IT is well-nigh six and forty years since the memorable day when a group of little boys assembled, on a bright October morning, for the first time at the Edinburgh Academy—a momentous occasion in their little lives, when the first important step was taken in learning's path.

Hard was it to say whether they were more deeply impressed with the dignity of their own position, with the colossal pillars and awe-inspiring front, and the mysterious letters carved over the portals of the school, than with the easy *nonchalance* of the older boys. Possibly there was more of reverence in those days than in the present advanced age.

There were youngsters from all parts of the kingdom — a goodly company. 'A sheet would have covered them,' as they say in the shires, in point of age; within a margin of a few months, less or more, and with one or two exceptions, they were ten years old.

'The New Academy' had then been in existence some seventeen years, and had well fulfilled expecta-

tion, in having produced sound scholars and good gentlemen. It was considered a distinction to belong to such an institution. A certain responsibility lay on these aspirants of tender years, seeing there were traditions of the school in respect of gentlemanly style and other matters.

In this 'Geits' class'[1] of ours there were some sixty boys, or thereabout, an unusually large number. It was not long before we found out the reason of this great gathering. At this school, since its foundation in 1825 down to this present year when some changes have been made, there has existed a system which has many obvious advantages to recommend it. In accordance with it, a boy from the day of his joining the First Class advanced, year by year, under the exclusive care of the same master in classical studies during the first four years of his career.[2] Even then, when—as the study of the Classics was the *spécialité* of the school—he was supposed to have attained a respectable know-

[1] So the First Class was, and still is, called. '*Geit*, a contemptuous name for a child.'—Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*. The term is much older than the Academy. Sir Walter Scott writes: 'When I was brought from the solitude of my mother's dwelling into the tumult of the Gaits' Class at the High School.'—See *Redgauntlet*, vol. 1. p. 12.

[2] The ancient system of 'Regents' in Scots Universities may be compared with this, as it is described in Principal Sir Alexander Grant's *Story of Edinburgh University*.

ledge of the Classics, and was passed on to the Rector's hands, he did not altogether leave behind him the teaching of his old master, but had the advantage of the combined instruction during the remaining three years of the school course. It is not necessary to enter here on the discussion of the weak points of such a system, though these no doubt exist and may sometimes make themselves apparent. But it is obvious that under an arrangement of this kind it was a matter of the utmost moment into whose hands a boy was likely to be intrusted on his first entry into the school. For better or worse, he and his master must be associated for many hours daily during the next six or seven years—perhaps the most important of the boy's life.

So well was this understood, and so fully appreciated the unspeakable advantage to a youth of his passing these years in close companionship with a master who should be a gentleman, and sensible of the manifold requirements of his office, that when one of the more popular of the masters was understood to be about to undertake a 'First class' at the Academy—and the routine of the school rendered an exact calculation easy—there was usually a large attendance at the opening. Some would be kept back, others pressed on a little, to meet such an occasion.

This was the main cause of the numerous class of

'Geits' in the autumn of 1841. Thus it was that we were pleasantly addressed as 'lucky young dogs;' and various forms of congratulation were bestowed upon our parents when it was known that we had joined the Academy, and were to be under Mr. Cumming's care.

And indeed it needed not the wisdom of augur or soothsayer to show that we had fallen on most happy times and singular good fortune. The fact was apparent to us all before we had been many days at school.

It was, however, no new discovery that we made: already Mr. Cumming had secured for himself the reputation of a high-minded honourable gentleman of large attainments and wide sympathies, which took the form of the most genial and kindly bearing towards his boys.

Mr. James Cumming was born at Edinburgh in the year 1800. His father was a Morayshire man, and a classical teacher in Edinburgh. He held, it is believed, the post of Rector of the old Canongate Burgh School. His son was educated at the High School, whence he proceeded to the Edinburgh University where his career was highly creditable; so diligent a student indeed was he, and of such attainments, that on one occasion—it is recorded—during the temporary absence of the Professor of Mathematics under whom

he was studying he was selected to act as a substitute. After leaving College, Mr. Cumming was appointed head-teacher of the Quakers' Seminary at Darlington, where he remained till 1826, when he was successful in obtaining an appointment as one of the Classical Masters of the Edinburgh Academy; for Mr. Cumming was not one of the original staff, but was elected to fill a vacancy that occurred in the year named, being at that time twenty-six years of age.

Among the earlier of his pupils were Archibald Campbell Tait, dux of the Academy in its second year, the future Archbishop of Canterbury; and the late Frederick Robertson, of Brighton. The latter Mr. Cumming used to speak of as 'a very quiet, thoughtful boy.' Others remember him as a youth perfectly at home on the platform in the Hall on an 'Exhibition' day. In after years, Mr. Cumming's intercourse with Archbishop Tait was of a very cordial character. It is hardly necessary to say that the pupils of Mr. Cumming of a former period held him in the same high esteem and affectionate regard that we did. And testimony to this effect would undoubtedly be given by several of those who might be named—among others, the author of the quaint and clever *Jonas Fisher*, Lord Southesk; Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Ex-Governor of Madras; Dr. Edward Stuart, Bishop of Waiapu, and many more in various lines of life. As has been already indi-

cated, we cannot claim Dr. Cumming as exclusively our own.

Of the Rector, the Venerable Archdeacon Williams, mention will be made in due course. As yet we saw little of him in those early days except at a distance, or when some unhappy circumstance led to an undesired interview.

Our other teachers at this time were Mr. Hamilton —if this were indeed the proper spelling of his name, at all events 'Hammy' he was called—a large, genial, burly man, distinctly Scotch, fond of a pinch of snuff, somewhat loud of voice, but kindly withal, whose business it was to impart the rudiments of arithmetic and the use of the pen to us small boys; and Mr. Theodore Williams, a graduate of Queen's College, Oxford, the English master, nephew of the Rector, a man of elegant manners, young and good-looking, which was perhaps the explanation of the name he usually went by. He was conceived by the small fry composing the earlier classes to be emphatically a man of fashion and the idol of society, and was looked up to accordingly. Notwithstanding a certain sharpness of discipline, when his authority or dignity was in question, he was well liked.

It is difficult to conceive a greater contrast than these two gentlemen presented. For example, it was usual for Mr. Hamilton, wishing to give the whole

class a chance at a sum on the black-board, to call up—'The fift' bouee (boy); the seevent' bouee; the altairnit bouees,' to multiply or divide.

In Mr. Williams' class, on the other hand, it was not uncommon to see a youth sharply dealt with who failed to pronounce the word 'French' as though it were spelled *Frentch*. He himself invariably pronounced it so—distinctly.

Poor Theodore Williams left the Academy before the Rector did, it is believed for Australia, where he died at an early age, thus falsifying the forecast of events that an audacious youngster of thirteen in 'the Third' had ventured to make in the year 1844, in a poetic piece addressed to 'the Academic Muse' and the Archdeacon—

> 'And when thou go'st to taste celestial joys,
> Let thy great nephew teach the mourning boys;
> Then, mounting to the skies upon the wind,
> Leave captive ignorance in chains behind.'

This brief mention of the friends of our early youth would not be complete without some notice taken of the 'Jenny,' and his big, broad, good-looking wife, the very picture of *sonsy*, motherly good-nature. In her capacity of head of the Purveyor's department, she was ever ready at her open window to dispense, as from a Horn of Plenty, everything that could be desired

for the nourishment of body and mind, in the shape of 'baps;' 'parliament;' *Cæsar's Commentaries;* slate pencils; rye-rolls, hot, brown and burnished; 'clackens;'[1] Fives balls; *Xenophon;* or the much dreaded '*Grats.*'—that incubus on young souls.

The Janitor was a small man and old, kindly and obliging, very neat in his tailed coat of brown cloth, with brass livery buttons. Mr. Pinkerton[2] had the misfortune to lose a hand—off at the wrist. Into a wooden stump he screwed a formidable hook of steel, polished till it flashed again in the sunlight. On this he used to carry the ponderous keys of the class-rooms, and with its aid—a loop having been tied in the rope for the purpose—he rang the big school-bell that summoned all to their various duties. In every instance

[1] Thus Sir Robert Christison describes the implement of his time: 'A light wooden single-hand bat, with small round flat head used for a kind of Shinty and a game similar to Fives.'—See *Autobiography*, p. 31. The 'clacken' now in vogue has been slightly modified from the old form, and is somewhat less graceful in its lines.

[2] 'Mr. Who?' some of the class will say. After we had been several years at the Academy Mr. Cumming one day, on leaving his class-room, happened to call out—'Mr. Pinkerton, will you take my key?' Till that hour no one knew, nor had it occurred to anybody to inquire, what the 'Jenny's' name was. It will be a revelation to many to learn, thus tardily, that his name was *Pinkerton.*

of hemorrhage from the nose—a case of daily occurrence—the first step, if ordinary styptics failed, was to call in the 'Jenny,' who would thrust his cold 'cleek' down the patient's back; then, if that were not effective, a couple of the class-room keys. It was held desirable to chill the sufferer to the bone.

When sudden frost came, the 'Jenny' invariably flooded the flag-stones in front of his Lodge over night, to be ready for a slide by next morning, a singular piece of unselfishness, seeing the slide passed almost over his own door-step.

The good old 'Jenny' did not, I believe, remain very long after us at the Academy. There is reason to believe that he died during the visitation of cholera in 1854.

IN 'THE SECOND'

A schoolmaster's intercourse is with the young, the strong, and the happy, and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathise with them, and show that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness and weakness.

ARNOLD.

CHAPTER II.

IT is agreeable to have dominion over some one. The earliest trace of such a feeling usually dates from the first 'Exhibition' day, when a bright July morning gives promise of development, by the first of next October, into a higher state of school existence, with supremacy over others in an earlier stage. The Examination days and Exhibition were the events of the year. The latter used to be a brilliant scene; the unvarying costume of the boys was what is now called an 'Eton jacket,' of blue cloth—unmistakable broad cloth—a fair expanse of linen collar, gloves, and trousers of spotless 'Russia duck'—a product as rarely heard of now as the Great Auk—that came from the iron with a surface like that of whitest satin. The visitor who remembers the old times, and who happens to be present at the school on a prize-giving day experiences nothing less than a shock. The faces of the boys are as bright and joyous as at any former period, and they are habited like gentlemen; but the dingy aspect of the scene strikes him. It is one of the

changes wrought by the useful, homely 'tweed,' and here, as elsewhere, may be, the feeling of 'dress' is gone, with the 'duck.'

Our faith in our master had grown day by day. Long before the year was out, it was complete. 'Firm without harshness, gentle without weakness'—such was the description given of him by one who knew Mr. Cumming well; nothing could be better or more apt. His class discipline was firm, tempered with much of geniality and not a little humour; and he, by a happy knack,

'Whene'er he spoke,
Made *work* seem lightsome by his mirthful joke,'

which was not wanting sometimes even when correction was administered.

A youth, for instance, in the course of lessons, found time to manipulate a bit of looking-glass in the sun. A flash illumined the face of the unfortunate who, on the opposite side of the room, was struggling with his *Delectus*. The offender had to be cuffed. This was done, Mr. Cumming remarking pleasantly the while, that he permitted no one 'to cast reflections on his class.'

In those days our pronunciation of Latin was in accordance with what was known as the 'Oxford' method. In fact, it was the 'nippit fit and clippit fit' speech condemned by King James VI. Truth to tell,

the broader vowel sound now generally in vogue, and then practised in most Scots schools, we considered somewhat vulgar. Thus, when a boy who joined us from another school stood up to read of the son of Atreus, and pronounced the name 'Menelāus' with the broad sound of the *ā*,—

'Who,' exclaimed Mr. Cumming, 'who is *Menelaws?* I only know an excellent tea-merchant of that name.'

Then his threats of punishment were terrible to hear. He could speak in an awful voice of 'a *tremendous* flogging;' but well we knew it was *sound*, and nothing more.

Who has not been puzzled to individualise some of the early Christian martyrs that one sees depicted as suffering unheard-of atrocities? Regarding one of these, the knowledge was fixed in our minds once and for all time. On one occasion Mr. Cumming put the question to his class concerning the martyrdom of St. Laurence: 'Could any one describe the manner of his death?' Beginning at the top of the class, the wise ones—Tait, Bell, Hall, Home—were tried, and all the rest: 'Shot with arrows,' 'Wheel with spikes,' and other horrors were in vain suggested. Then Mr Cumming related that in a former class of his the same question had been put—'What was the end of St. Laurence?' No one could answer, till at last an

imp from the lower regions of the class 'got up dux' by answering, amidst shouts of applause—'He was *brandered!*'[1]

The process is associated with salmon cutlets and mutton chops. Consequently it happens that the ever-recurring pictures of the Saint and his gridiron, in the galleries of Italy and Germany never fail to reaffirm the fact, for those who learned it then, that St. Laurence was *brandered.*

Mr. Cumming no doubt felt the difficulty of many of the moral problems, some of them delicate enough, that fall to be dealt with by an earnest teacher. At all events, we had the most implicit trust in his absolute 'fairness.' It is a strong proof of confidence in the sense of justice in a superior when a verdict is acquiesced in which is known to be wrong, but which it is felt could not have been different, in view of the evidence.

Here is an illustrative case. We were in the 'Geits.' Three o'clock had struck, and the large class came out of their room with headlong rush, pell-mell, as is their wont—who to reach the playground first. A few had got down in safety the steep flight of steps at the lobby door, others were on the steps, when there was a violent push from behind. The dangerous

[1] '*Brander*, to broil on a gridiron.'—Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary.*

impetus of a dozen boys, at full speed, naturally caused those on the stair to extend their arms to save themselves in the inevitable crash that must follow. It came; and half a dozen lay sprawling on the gravel below. But, as ill luck would have it, the Rector was passing at the moment, and the foremost in the descent fell heavily across the venerable toes: but, saving temper, nothing was out of joint.

The Archdeacon was very angry, and, with loud and excited tones, pointed out the very two boys that he had himself seen designedly extend their arms, and maliciously push the others down the steps. It was useless to speak of the shoving from behind; the Rector had *seen* the whole affair. The two culprits were taken back, the Rector himself following and fuming, to Mr. Cumming's presence. What had been seen was detailed with great power of language and in the strong Cymric intonation which always showed itself at such moments—

'Yes, yes, what you call, a most deliberate and unprovoked aggression, you know.'

The defence was heard, but, so graphic was the Archdeacon's account of the incident, condemnation was inevitable. It was late, and the offenders were dismissed with the promise of 'the tawse,' first thing in the morning.

In such circumstances all that could be done was to

proceed to the tan-yard[1] opposite the Academy gates, beyond the mill-stream, then unhidden by houses, and there treat the palms on which the punishment was to be received to a lengthy process of hardening by immersion in the ready tan-pit. This course of preparation had a high repute as an antiphlogistic in cases where resort was had to the 'tawse,' the *ultima ratio* of the school. There, as they sat hardening their hands and their hearts, and bitterly thought of the morrow, they felt and acknowledged that, seeing the overwhelming nature of the evidence, and the manner in which 'Punch' had represented the case, Mr. Cumming, though wishing to be just, could not have done otherwise than convict.

Next morning, however, when we looked to see the evil-doers ordered to stand forth, and sharply dealt with, they were, to the surprise of all, told to go back to their seats and 'take care another time.' Doubtless the Rector's excitement of tone and manner had not been lost upon our shrewd and sagacious master.

There is a Scots proverb to the effect that you find 'good gear in small parcels;' amongst others, the cases of Lord Nelson, Pope, Napoleon Bonaparte have been

[1] It seems that from very ancient times there have been skin and tan works in the neighbourhood of Silver-Mills—so called from an alchemical scheme worked out there *in temp.* James IV. and V.—See Hill's *Reminiscences of Stockbridge.*

cited in proof of the fact alleged. Mr. Cumming on one occasion having mentioned this idea, announced, to the great enjoyment of all, that he meant, then and there, to put to the test the truth of the saying in so far as it might apply to his class.

It will be remembered that in most of the classes the forms were ranged round the rooms in horse-shoe fashion, the master's desk at one end and a great fire-place at the other. In front of the fire it is obvious that there must be a break in the horse-shoe, an interval between the two curved lines of seats. Thus it was, that a rough division of the class was established between those whose *habitual* and recognised places were above the fire, and those who only casually attained to that eminence. There were about thirty on each side of the fireplace.

For the purpose of Mr. Cumming's experiment, the class was arranged in order of merit, the votes of the class being taken as to each boy's *usual* place; and a list drawn out.

This done, the next step was to size the class, the biggest boy taking the position of dux, and so on; and a second list was made. The general result of the experiment, which caused intense amusement, seemed to be that many big hulking fellows found themselves for the moment advanced to positions they had occupied but rarely; and several below the fire, where they had

never been before. Therefore it was held that the truth of the proverb was in some sort established: albeit there were exceptions. Our permanent dux was hardly, if anything, moved from his place; there were a few others who were not displaced.[1]

It is of this period that our class-fellow and leader in learning's path, Peter Guthrie Tait, writes in reminiscence:—

'In the eyes of us youngsters there were giants in those days—to wit the members of the "Sixth" and "Seventh." Perhaps there never was on earth a man of more portentous strength than *Inverarity*, the dux of the whole school when we were Geits! His colossal frame, his dark moustache, the brief imperative style of his dealings with the masters, as well as with us, could have been paralleled in recent times only by Shaw the Life Guardsman!

'But as our race grew in years and in understanding, the successive generations of giants became notably

[1] At the twenty-eighth annual dinner of the Club, held on the 10th January 1879, several of the company claimed to be six feet in height, or more. Four were measured forthwith, and the record of the transaction runs—

Allan D. Stewart stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings.
P. G. Tait, „ 6 „ 2½ „ in his boots.
A. Beatson Bell, „ 6 „ 0 „ „
A. Fergusson, „ 6 „ 1¾ „ „

Of these the first three, at all events, never were 'below the fire.'

less superhuman; they were obeyed, no doubt, occasionally, but under compulsion only—not at a word, as had been Inverarity. To enforce obedience, they wove unto them cunning (and cutting) lashes of hard whip-cord, which, attached to the shafts of "clackens," became as scorpions in their hands. Under these did our race suffer much, not silently, nor without dread resolve to retaliate. Woe to the oppressor who, singly, met a party of the oppressed! Then did his shin-bones click, and his toes resound with a dull thud, under the sharp impact of the "clacken's" edge, wielded by small but determined hands!

'"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow?"'

As early summer drew on and days grew hot, the whole school would retreat to the sloping green banks at the back of the Academy buildings—the only bit of Nature left to us—and there lounge upon the grass, or play the exciting game of 'Knifey.' This pastime consists in two players with well-balanced knives competing who shall best succeed in sticking the knife's blade into the ground, dropped from various positions, and after performing certain circumvolutions in the air; from the end of each finger; each knee; the tip of each boot; the point of the nose; in fact, from every salient angle. The 'moves' are very numerous

and complicated; the player won who was able to perform most of them without a break.

This game is still practised at the Academy, it is understood; but, it is believed, the proper penalty to the loser is not now exacted, which was that a peg of wood, cut from one of the trees and sharpened at one end, should be driven into the ground, with *a single* kick of the winner's heel, to be extracted with the loser's teeth.[1]

While this game of 'Knifey' was in season, and we were in 'the Second,' we used to come in contact with a boy in the class above us, who should have been in ours in point of age. This remarkable youth would rarely take a hand, though the regulated revolutions of the knife might have been expected to have some attraction for him, but preferred for the most part to wander about alone, watching with deep earnestness the butterflies mount in the sunshine 'in wayward loops of flight, or flicker on the green'— these attracting little

[1] It is well worthy of note that while this ancient sport is apparently showing symptoms of decay among our boys, it is in full vigour in Indiana, in the United States of America. From excellent authority it is understood that the game is practised there with many complicated and dangerous moves—some forty or fifty in number—several of them never heard of in this country; and, moreover, that the penalty, exactly as described above, is enforced among players in the Western State.

attention from the rest of us save for a passing thought of envy at the facility with which the creatures could escape over the wall to verdant fields and shady nooks by the sea.

A fine high forehead he had, and a somewhat sad expression, but always pleasant. It was James Clerk Maxwell, afterwards known as 'the most learned as well as the most original of scientific men,' who has reflected much honour on the Academy, and was associated in the pursuit of science with more than one of our own class, as is shown in the admirable 'Life' of him by his class-fellow, Lewis Campbell, a work the earlier part of which has high interest for all Academicians of this period.

Thus Professor Tait writes: 'It was in those days that some of the early developments of genius showed themselves in that wonderful boy, whose early death in 1879 saddened the whole scientific world—James Clerk Maxwell. He belonged to the class above ours, but the two classes had much in common, especially in their hard lot at the hands of the oppressors, and often combined for resistance' sake. Among Maxwell's peculiarities, which led us in our ignorance to dub him "Dafty," was the habit he had acquired of squatting and jumping in exact imitation of a frog. When this became known to the tyrants, "Dafty" was constantly called upon to make sport for them, jump-

ing frog-like over a handkerchief, under the stimulus of the lash, till his exhaustion was complete.

'Only one pen there ever has been capable of giving an adequate conception of the scene, namely that of the gifted poetess who, in regard of "fiends in shape of Boys," and their barbarities, wrote—

> '"Can I view thee panting, lying
> On thy belly, without sighing?
> Can I, unmoved, see thee dying
> On a log, expiring frog?"'

The mention of Clerk Maxwell's name recalls a memorable incident of this period. There is a certain marine substance which has an evil reputation especially its own. It goes by the name of 'Sea Fyke'—a thing, whatever its nature may be, that when crushed or pulverised and put down the back of the neck, causes intense irritation and itching that nothing can allay. Only a nature of extreme malignity is capable of perpetrating a deed so dastardly. Yet such an act of deliberate treachery was done; and the Rector came to know it. An angry man was he. From class to class he went, getting hotter and more angry with every repetition of the tale. In due course the door of our class-room was suddenly thrown open wide, and the Archdeacon strode forward to the centre of the room; without removing his broad felt hat, and striking his

staff upon the floor he proceeded once more to tell the tale, and give us, in no measured tones, warning of the pains that needs must light on every case of such depravity. The sensation was profound: how deep, may be learned by reference to Clerk Maxwell's 'Life,' where, in his letters to his father at this period, he more than once refers to the case.

There was an impression abroad, which passed into a tradition, that some unheard-of punishment was visited on the evil-doer in this instance. It was not till the *Life of James Clerk Maxwell* was produced, in 1882, that the facts were made known; thus he wrote—

'There was a boy that brought Sea Fyke to the school, and put it down the boys' backs, for which he was condemned to learn twelve lines for three days.'

When 'Punch' had finished his tirade, and turned to leave the room, it is remembered that he paused a moment, and turning to Mr. Cumming, whispered in his ear the dreaded name of this dire product of the sea. What was it?

Clerk Maxwell, who certainly was not the culprit, was evidently under the impression that it was the substance commonly found on the sea-shore, of a honey-combed structure—in fact, the egg capsules of the common whelk; for in one of his curious cryptographic letters, written some time after the event, when the key is obtained, the hidden truth is revealed that—

'*Sea Fyke is a good thing for polishing with.*'[1]

His class-fellow and biographer gives a note on this passage, to the effect that the substance is the egg capsules of *Buccinum undatum*, the whelk, and this is no doubt what Clerk Maxwell meant; but it is questionable if this be exact, or if this substance is capable of the evil attributed to it.

Some little care has been taken to resolve the doubt that hangs round this point in school history. Mrs. Linton, an excellent and trustworthy fishwife of Newhaven, was intrusted to procure a specimen of the veritable 'Sea Fyke.' After some considerable time she produced what her husband stated to be the Sea Fyke, taken from his nets, and supposed to be some sort of sea-weed, which he said was sometimes used by 'the bairns to torment ane anither.'

A portion of this thing was submitted by our class-fellow, Peter Guthrie Tait, to experts at the University, and in due course the following response was received from him:—

'The interesting specimen is a *sponge* (not a "sea weed"): and rejoices in the name of *Halichondria coralloides*. Are you any wiser?'

Under a small microscope this product of nature is seen to be armed with an infinity of the minutest spikes, like those on the fruit of the prickly pear. As

[1] *Life of Clerk Maxwell*, p. 59.

these are of pure quartz, and consequently insoluble by moisture of the body, it may be conceived how admirably calculated the crushed particles of such a substance must be to produce the effect aimed at by an ill-regulated mind.

These details are humbly submitted as a contribution to the solving of the 'Sea Fyke Mystery.'[1]

Thus early in our school career friendships were formed which have withstood the test of many years. Circumstances gave help to affinities in this matter.

There was in those days a standing feud between the Academy and the street boys, otherwise 'keelies;'[2] street encounters were of daily occurrence, sometimes serious, and carried on with much bitterness on both sides; clackens and stones were freely used. In view of this state of things, it was the custom for Academy boys who lived in the same neighbourhood to go home in small parties, for mutual protection or combined

[1] In order to give every facility to any who may wish hereafter to verify, or pursue these inquiries further, a portion of *Halichondria coralloides*, duly labelled, has been deposited in the chest containing the archives of the Cumming Club, and is at the disposal of whatever competent scholar may show evidence of a desire to approach the subject in a proper spirit.

[2] '*Keelie*, a young hawk.'—Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*. 'A combination of young blackguards in Edinburgh hence termed themselves the *Keelie* Gang.'—Sir Walter Scott.

attack. Then was the opportunity for a sturdy youngster, who possibly could make little of the 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand' in the Rector's class, to show his skill in strategy as he conducted his small band through the street in the face of superior numbers, or in effecting a rapid flank movement down a side street. Confidence in one another and faith in proved capacity were results of this system of daily association for mutual protection.

It was while we were 'in the Second'—the period was May 1843—that a striking incident was witnessed by one of those little groups quietly wending their way homeward towards the east—a scene the bearings of which were not, of course, appreciated at the moment. They had got as far as Pitt Street (where the baths are now) when a long line of clergymen, three or four abreast, was seen marching down the centre of the road; some earnestly conversing, others walking silently with downcast heads; all of them solemn and anxious. It was a great historical event of which these boys were witnesses. It was the procession of the ministers of the Disruption of the Scottish Church, who, having just left the General Assembly, and the Church of their fathers, for conscience' sake, were on their way to the hall of meeting at Tanfield, near Canonmills.

MATHEMATICS

O for the lessons learned by heart !
Ay, though the very birch's (?) smart
Should mark those hours again,
I'd kiss the Rod, and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane.

T. Hood.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the duty of Mr. Hamilton,[1] as has been already said, to instruct us in two of the 'Three R's.' The 'writing hour' was characterised by a certain free and easy style, which partook rather of relaxation than of severe study; the boys might sit where, and next to whom, they chose. Sociality was the main object in the writing hour.

The penmanship took several eccentric forms, decorative and artistic: for example, it was the custom to execute an Alphabet of capitals, or some of the letters, after highly ornamental models. In the centre of an *O* might be found a sea-piece with boats, etc.; in the interior of a *D*, a ruined castle with sheep in the foreground; had we been intended for sign-painters, such practice might have been useful. The stamp on the cover of this volume, designed by an old pupil of his, would, I think, have pleased 'Hammy.'

[1] 'Familton, the writing master, driven by the waggery of his pupils to change his original name to *Hamilton*.'—See *Mem. of Dr. Alexander Wood*, by the Rev. T. Brown, p. 9; 1887.

To carry out these works of art it was necessary to employ various colours and inks; and even as the Old Masters compounded their own pigments, so did we—in some cases. A brilliant scarlet ink was made from leaves of the red poppy gathered in the fields about Craigleith and treated, according to a recipe which was traditional, with vinegar and other ingredients. Then there was much scope for ingenuity in the selection of steel pens for this work.

Friendly chat prevailed throughout the writing hour, sometimes even more. Of course those of the class who had affinities for one another 'wrote' together in the most intimate companionship. Nay, there was one instance where during the greater part of a whole session, a youth with the makings of a bookworm in him systematically read one of the stories of the *Arabian Nights* in the evening for the express purpose of repeating it next day to his close companion during the writing hour, with more or less of exactness and variorum notes, glosses, and commentaries that were eagerly drunk in, to the detriment, perhaps, of capitals and 'small hand.'

The hearer of this remarkable version of the 'Thousand nights and a night'—such a version as Dr. Jonathan Scott's 'grandfather never saw in dream,' nor Sir Richard Burton in all his researches —is ready to declare that his acquaintance with the

'Barber's fifth brother,' the horrible tricks of Amina, and all the rest, is mainly based on these rehearsals—under Hammy's nose.

Somewhat later we made acquaintance with M. Senébier, the French Master, a kindly and a gentlemanly man, tall and of a fine presence, a refugee—it was thought—from some one of the French Revolutions; it was also said that he had been a Lieutenant in the French Navy, and had been taken prisoner. M. Senébier, unfortunately for his own comfort, lacked the faculty of enforcing order in his class. The '18th June,' as it came round, was a day of humiliation for him, poor man. There never were wanting pointed reminders of the Anniversary.

And it is not a little curious to note that to our boys, who are at the Academy at this moment, 'the Crimea' and 'the Indian Mutiny' must be what 'Waterloo' was for us when we were at the school—that is to say, exactly thirty years had elapsed since the great event. Can it be that they look upon the great military revolt in India, and its horrors, as the passages in Ancient History that we considered Quatre Bras and Waterloo to be?

In the Third Class we came under the rule of an instructor of a very different sort, namely, Mr. James

Gloag, 'Master of the Arithmetical and Geometrical School, a most honest, zealous, and energetic teacher;'[1] and, it may be added, a most eccentric. The name of no teacher of youth in Scotland during the last half century is more widely known than that of Dr. Gloag. A volume might well be devoted to Gloag's doings and pithy sayings. A 'chap-book' of such would run those of George Buchanan very close. He, like the great pedagogue, adhered—how he adhered!—to the ancient traditions of the strictest Scottish school discipline.

It was with no small awe that a class came for the first time under the rule of the Mathematical Master. It took some little time to know his ways. These were somewhat rough, and he was irascible; but with moderate care a boy might manage to steer clear of dangerous ground. He liked his boys, in his own queer way, and was anxious to 'get them on.' He would suffer nothing that might disturb the attention of his class. Certain distractions he especially abominated, and set himself to stamp out by the quaintest means.

A word or two may be of use to those who never saw Gloag.

He was a heavy, broad, square-shaped man of

[1] He is thus described in the Rector's Annual Report for the year 1833, p. 10.

average height; with a long oval face; keen, deep-set, black eyes under bushy black eye-brows; and, when we knew him first, short black hair and close-cut whiskers —not an ill-looking man. His voice had a peculiarly deep sound, very impressive. As for his dialect, which it has been imperfectly attempted to reproduce in this narrative, it was, perhaps, his most striking characteristic, and one peculiarly his own; inasmuch as no one I ever met could say to what part of Scotland his speech was referable, or that a like pronunciation had ever been heard from other lips than Gloag's.

His unvarying dress was a suit of black cloth, with tailed coat; he rarely wore his gown. Preparatory to beginning work in his class, he would turn up his cuff, and, with a huge junk of chalk, from which he blew the dust, he would figure down sums on the blackboard in lines of contiguous close columns that had all the delicacy of a copy-book model.

Then, if any visitors came in while he was thus employed, with what grace he would advance to greet them, with many apologies for what he styled pleasantly his 'chacky pa-s'!

Who has not heard the phrase 'T 'oot o' the rod'? (*i.e.* 'Get out of the road'); it has spread far beyond Academic circles.

There used to be on most days a rush of small boys, crowding round Mr. Gloag as he arrived at his

class-room door, all pushing who to be in first the moment the door was opened. Eager hands would offer assistance, but Gloag would clear the neighbourhood of the keyhole with the ponderous key, laying about him on all knuckles that might come in the way, with the peremptory order—'T'oot o' the rod; t'oot o' the rod.'

It is a phrase that one has heard applied effectively to a boatman on a Highland loch, a 'shakari' in an Indian jungle, and in many distant corners of the earth it is recognised as good for use in cases of sudden emergency.

Gloag's treatment of his class was strictly homœopathic; in the first stages of every case of weak subtraction or defective multiplication his prescription was the same:—'Copy doon the first sax sums on the boord, an' bring them nicely written oot in the mornin'!' His faith in this remedy was absolute, and he applied it to every species of irregularity and inattention that did not call for more drastic measures.

In those days the *swish* of the 'tawse' was no unfamiliar sound at the Academy. Gloag's were produced on slight occasion. They—the instrument has no singular that we ever heard of—were hard, thin, and black; the tips seemed—or rather we should say *seem*, for we had them in hand a few days ago—to have been artificially hardened.

This weapon he handled with skill and dexterity, and it was thought he took a pride in his proficiency, as those do who excel in any exercise where hand and eye must work in unison, so that the idea was common that he had acquired a taste for its use, a

'Taste with a distempered appetite.'

This is what Peter Guthrie Tait says on the point:

'To use a well-known cricketing phrase, Gloag could *get more work on* the tawse than could any of the other masters. His secret was in great part a dynamical one.[1]

'"La Force! ce n'est pas frapper fort, mais frapper *juste!*"'

'Then there was the other implement, which is perhaps best described as the PΩΔ—the "adjusting rod," it might be styled.' When not in use for demonstrations on the black-board, it figured in minor cases of summary justice—a short thick *ferula* of yellow wood, heavy and hard-grained.[2]

[1] See Thomson's and Tait's *Natural Philosophy*, vol. i. part 1, § 317, end of Ex. (2).

[2] Gloag's interchange of the words 'Rod' and 'Road' was interesting, though not peculiar to himself. For example, when a dux, distributing slates or slate-pencils, tried to pass between two crowded forms, he would say 'Haw, boui, whatna *rod's* that t' tak'?' When he had occasion for the implement of demonstration and correction, he would give the order, 'Fatch the *Road!*'

A former pupil of Mr. Gloag relates a curious incident which shows how handy he was with the tawse. A very bad boy had been taken red-handed, and convicted of certain misdeeds. There was no question about the matter; public opinion was against the offender; and Gloag very properly administered a good dose of the tawse in his best manner. But having done so, and considered at leisure the depravity of the offence, he determined to send for the Rector. The Archdeacon came round and heard the case described in all its enormity, Gloag's indignation rekindling at his own rehearsal.

'Now, Mr. Gloag,' said the Rector, 'what I should recommend you to do is to give this boy a thoroughly sound flogging.'

'Exac'ly what I was thinking of doing, Mr. Ractor!' replied Gloag, who straightway proceeded to carry out his intention *de novo*, to the intense astonishment of the class, who were witnesses of the scene.

'Stupet inscia turba
Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum;
Dant animos plagæ.'

The class were reminded of the lines they had read in another room of the school.

The 'good stories' about Gloag are innumerable. It would be hard to make a selection; but the follow-

ing curious and characteristic bits of Academy lore may be taken as exact and authentic, seeing they are based on the testimony of the actors themselves, or of actual witnesses.

Nothing escaped Gloag's hawk-like eye—not a movement in his class, not the turn of a boy's head.

On one occasion, for example—as an old pupil relates—a whole form had fallen into disgrace from failure or inattention. It became necessary that they should, every one of them, get the tawse. There was barely time for the process, seeing the hour was all but up. Some twelve or so of the form had failed and been dealt with, and Gloag was beginning upon another, when suddenly, with the tail of his hawk's-eye, he caught a glimpse of a youth, some places further down, who had ventured to make a rapid calculation as to time.

'Haw?' cried Gloag, in ecstasies at his own sharpness—'Haw? Menzies is lookin' at the CLOCK, is he? He thinks he's *safe*, dŏz he? Tak' it, Menzies.'

He is no better than the rest, and there is just time to add the over-sanguine youngster as a thirteenth victim to the dozen who have already suffered.

H. is one of the best known of the Professors in a Northern University; he was a Cummingite, and in 'the Fifth' when we were in the 'Geits.'

He had made some progress while in Gloag's class,

which may have been the reason for the unhappy attention he attracted from the Master.

Now, it happened that H. was possessed of a splendid knife, whether the result of hoarded pocket-money, or a gift glorious in its unexpectedness, he does not remember. On the other hand, Gloag was possessed with a detestation of the sharpening of slate pencil by any other means than the primitive method of abrasion on a stone ; the process of sharpening with a knife was abhorrent to him. It happened one day that H. had cut his slate pencil to a fine point, and was eagerly working at his sum when, unhappily, his pencil gave forth a *skirl* on the slate. This was another of Gloag's abominations.

'What boui's that?' he demanded fiercely. 'Was't you? Was't you? Was't you?' — going rapidly down the class.

'Haw, it was *you*, Haddle (so he pronounced him). Come alōng here.'

H., not then aware of Gloag's peculiar views in this matter, explained that he had cut the point of his slate pencil, and made it too sharp ; hence the sound.

'Lat's see the knife, Haddle!'

The treasured idol was reluctantly produced.

'Haw! that's a pritty knife, Haddle — a vara pritty knife!'—opening the various blades and displaying them to the class.

Then, as Professor H. relates, 'Gloag, laying hold of the mere fringe of my collar with the tips of his thumb and forefinger, the essence of sarcasm, leads me to the fireplace, and, treating me to a last fond look of my treasure, remarking the while — "It's a *vara* fine knife, Haddle!"—drops it into the very centre of the glowing embers.'

The enormous furnaces that used to adorn the class-rooms will be remembered.

'*There!*'—a long pause ensues, as he watches the flames from the crackling bone handle of the cremated knife.

But it seems there was something in the expression in the victim's face, the result of very mixed feelings, that Gloag did not altogether like.

'But we're no din yet,' he remarked; 'come alōng, Haddle; fatch the tawse!' — and the usual consequence ensues.

In this matter of knives and slate pencils Gloag had what mad-doctors call a 'fixed idea.' When a 'skirl' on a slate was heard he would instantly exclaim—

'That's Haddle—come alōng, Haddle—you and me's weel acquant, but we'll be batter acquant yit.'

So it happened that when any friend in the class was minded to play the unfortunate H. a scurvy trick, he would simulate a *skirl* on his slate. This was

tried, however, once too often. In an instant Gloag—who, as Scott says of some one, was 'as peremptory as the Court of Session, and a deev'lish deal quicker in his decisions'—saw through the trick, had the presumptuous offender up, and administered a fierce flogging, the full meaning of which, and the motives and feelings which rendered it appropriate, were, says Professor H., probably 'known only to three in the room.'

It seemed as though H. were in some sort a problem for Gloag; perhaps the only one he ever failed to solve. He would look at him wistfully from time to time, and mutter—

'Streinge boui; streinge boui;—sully *fuil!*'

Equally it was a problem, to H. insoluble, why he, of all the class, was doomed to bear the woe of the first transgression.

Some years afterwards, when Professor H. revisited the school—by that time he had a luxuriant beard, which no doubt had somewhat altered his appearance—he met Gloag in the playground, and advanced to greet him, saying that perhaps he would not recognise him.

'Haud aff, haud aff,' cried Gloag, 'till I look at ye,' and he actually pushed him back to a proper focussing distance. Then softly stroking the air beneath his own chin, he mused—

'It's the appandages; the appandages. It canna' be Smith?—No. Nor Thomson?—No. Than ye maun be HADDLE!!' And his hand was clutched and kneaded in a tremulous grasp.

The story of how Gloag on one occasion dug a pitfall and entrapped the Rector is worth telling. The following is the substance of it, as related on authority.

S., now a Professor in Edinburgh University, was Dux in Classics at the Academy and, by consequence, a great pet of 'Punch's,' but not perhaps a dab at Mathematics.

The Archdeacon tried his best to pass for a geometrician, but Gloag knew how vain his pretensions were. 'Punch' had a habit that annoyed Gloag not a little, of coming into his class-room, generally on a Saturday morning, and asking questions, and so on, as though he were quite *au fait* of all that was going on.

On the occasion in question, Gloag put upon the black-board one of his fancy propositions, such as he was wont to call 'a nice little thing,' and called on the fellow at the head of the class to make the necessary demonstration. He, however, kept silence, as did the next, and the next, while 'Punch' continued jeering them all the time, as he sat, his felt hat on his head, rolling his walking-stick on his ample knees, and his light protuberant eyes gleaming with excitement.

'Dear *me*, what a blockhead you must be!—Don't you see it? It is quite simple.'

'Haw!' says the artful Gloag, glancing further down the class to where 'Punch's' favourite sat, 'Sallar thinks he can do it, dŏz he? Tak it, Sallar!' This was Gloag's peculiar pronunciation of the name.

There is a long pause; the Rector's favourite makes no progress, though encouraged in turn by both masters.

'Noo, Sallar,' says Gloag, with a tap on the board, 'don't keep us waiting on ye all day.'

Still there was no response.

'Why, Sellar, my boy,' says the Archdeacon, disappointed, 'don't you see it? Think a moment—it's quite easy, don't you know?—perfectly simple.'

Here is the moment of triumph, so skilfully approached by Gloag, who, bursting out like a thunderbolt, exclaims—

'*Naw*, Mr. Ractor, sir, it's *nott* easy—the thing is impōssible, sir; its grŏss nonsense, sir!'

At times Mr. Gloag would adopt a manner which was outwardly playful, but fraught with concealed severity. A boy upon one of the back benches, who was not inclined to trouble himself overmuch with the calculations on his slate, and sought distraction, or was the cause of it in others, might sometimes think he was unobserved, till Gloag would undeceive him in his

pleasant way. He would beckon with a curved fore-finger, as who should coax a bashful child, and say with a smile, and intonation long-drawn-out—

'C-o-me a-way, Wattsan! I've been wattchin' ye this half-oor.' Then an exhibition of the PΩΔ, etc., or the usual prescription—'The first sax sums on the boord.'

A dozen such propositions were usually kept in stock on the back of the black-board which revolved (perhaps still revolves) on a circular platform.

There came a time, considerably after our day, when Gloag's class might have been addressed as 'My lords and gentlemen.'

Gloag did not love a lord. He had no stomach for the sprigs of Scotch nobility so rife at the Academy at that time. Indeed it was alleged that he sought occasion against them. Almost it might have been said of Mr. Gloag—

'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.'

One youth in particular, solely because he chanced to have a well-known West Highland nobleman to his father, fared badly.

'You think,' Gloag would address Lord A—— C——, 'you think, because your faither's a Duke that you can make a *moke* off me!'

Nothing further from the unhappy boy's mind

than to shelter himself under the paternal strawberry leaves.[1]

But while we are thus pleasant on our old master, and recall some of the characteristics by which he is best remembered, because they are quaint and amusing, it would be unjust not to mention that there were other and gentler traits; and there are many stories of a different stamp from those that have been told, that might be quoted concerning him.

An old pupil of his, after our time—he also is now a Professor—recalls this incident. When he was in one of the junior classes one of the masters died—probably Mr. Trotter. All the class attended the funeral; and being young, and with little experience of anything so solemn as the scene, his feelings were much moved.

[1] Through the grey mist of the far past looms the figure of one Peter; a somewhat mythical personage of whom most Academicians of the old time have heard. He was understood to have been some sort of assistant to Mr. Gloag. The myths connected with this shadowy individual—the 'Lubricated Peter' we will call him prettily—are of the vaguest sort. In these there float hazy allusions to a certain 'chucken bon' and 'rost beef' that elude the grasp of the inquirer. It will be the duty of the future historian of the Academy, following in the footsteps of Mr. Andrew Lang, to trace these scraps of ancient lore to their source, and to say if they be of native growth, or 'comparable' with anything similar among the Rajpoots or Zulus.

His little handkerchief hardly sufficed to restrain the evidences of an unaffected grief, when the company turned to leave the burial-ground. At this moment a heavy hand was laid with such emphasis between the youngster's shoulders as effectually to startle him and turn the current of his thoughts. It was Gloag's hand.

'Dinna greet, boui; dinna greet,' he said in his usual rugged manner, and then, in a gentler and kindly tone, added—

'When ye are as auld as me, ye'll no greet for onybody.'

It was a sincere pleasure to all his old pupils when the news reached them that, in 1848, the degree of LL.D. had been conferred on Mr. Gloag.

Dr. Gloag retired from the Academy in July 1864, and if proof were wanting of the esteem in which he was held it appears in the fact that, immediately after that date, a medal called in his honour '*The Gloag Medal*,' was established at the Academy, the funds for which were subscribed for among *his old pupils*, and not, as in the case of some of the school medals, by surviving members of a deceased master's family.

The Gloag Medal, which is strictly a *class* medal, open for competition only to the boys of 'the Seventh,' and given for eminence in Mathematics alone, was first competed for, and awarded, in the July following Dr. Gloag's retirement, namely in 1865.

Moreover, there was held shortly after this period a great dinner in his honour, at which a very large number of his former pupils of all classes, and others, attended. This entertainment is still remembered as 'The Gloag Banquet.'

He had ever an affectionate regard for the old school and for the boys. The Academy Games were not complete without his presence. When some of the young fellows who met him would say, 'We hope, Dr. Gloag, you are coming down to see the Games?' he would reply in the old style—

'Yes, yes, I'm gaun, but I'm no gaun to *rin*.'

He rarely, it is believed, was seen at the Academy after his retirement. On one occasion some one asked him if he often went down to visit the school.

'Naw,' he answered; 'it's nōthing but a *hert-brek*.'

He no doubt had his memories, and somewhat of the feeling that many share—

'The school-boy spots we ne'er forget,
Though there we are forgot.'

PASTIME AND PHILOSOPHY

O sacred Mother of the wise,
  Nurse of the bold and free,
Say, where are they, the joyful crowd,
  That filled these halls with glee—
Whose joyful sports and voices loud
  Resounded merrily ?

Academy Prize Poem, 1832. Elias C. Terrot.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a happy idea of Sir Robert Christison's to place on record in his autobiography the details of pastimes as they were in his day. In nothing has there been more marked change than in the fashions in such matters in all schools throughout the country. A few brief notes on the sports of a bygone age may perhaps interest the present generation of Academy boys.

It seems a pity that the game of 'Prisoners' base' should have fallen into decline; it was admirably calculated for the development of a quick eye and swiftness of foot. No better training could there be for 'Halves' and 'Quarter-Backs.'

As for the Foot-ball of those days, it was a game of the most primitive kind; crude, and devoid of regulation or rule; hardly recognisable in the complicated manly Rugby game now played at the Academy. In those days the most cruel 'hacking' with iron-toed and -heeled boots was allowed, and suffered, in what was called a 'muddle'—the modern 'maul.'

Little, however, do the players of the present age know of the horrors attendant upon that rough and simple game in the days when we were young. Gutta-percha has done much for the game of Golf in rendering it popular and within the reach of many, as has been well sung by a fine old player but lately passed away, who taught some of us in other arts even before the early Academy days. India-rubber has done as much for Foot-ball.

At the period spoken of the ball was composed of a raw bladder, *fresh*—but that is hardly the word—from the butcher's hands, enclosed in the leather case. The 'blowing' of this contrivance was a disgusting operation in which a quill was used as a mouth-piece. The process was taken in turns as a necessary, but repulsive, duty—one not without risks. Consequently it was considered prudent to perform the operation of orally inflating the bag *at home*, because, as certainly as any one attempted to do so at school, somebody would watch his opportunity and, when the bag was three quarters filled, *squash* the whole thing flat. The effect of the foul blast from the unsavoury interior of the ball, thus forced down the throat of the unhappy blower, is not to be described.

Moreover, as the ball had to be carried home and brought back in an efficient state next morning, there was considerable risk of rough experiences by the way,

at the hands, and feet, of street boys—otherwise *Keelies*. To obviate these risks to the foot-ball, and other dangers, it was the custom for Academy boys to go home in small parties, as has been already said.

The Cricket was in a state of scarcely more advanced development. It was a game played only by gentlemen, and certain schools. One great match each class had annually—namely, against the corresponding Eleven of the High School. The wickets were pitched usually at the upper end of Bruntsfield Links, for neither school boasted a cricket field, the only Cricket ground in town being the old Grange Club field, in Grove Street.

The Elevens doffed their jackets, laid them in a heap, and the game went on. There were no flannels, fielding jackets, cricketing caps, pretty ties, nor newspaper paragraphs in those remote ages. Pads were rarely used, and hardly necessary, seeing that the bowler's hand was strictly kept down by law. Much of the bowling was 'under hand.' But while the attack has been revolutionised, and doubtless improved, it is not certain that the graceful game of Gavin Young, or the slashing bat-play of Henry McVitie—those Anakim of 'the Seventh'—has been surpassed.

Then there was a sport that calls for mention, now happily extinct.

Many will remember the channel of the Water of

Leith before it was embanked. The 'Waters of Lethe,' the wits of the Academy delighted to call that not too savoury stream—if stream that part of it could be styled, from Stockbridge upwards to Bell's Mills. It was usually little better than a succession of stagnant pools, choked with weeds and other matters—

> 'By *Lethe's* banks, where the forgetful stream
> With lazy motion creeps, seeming to dream.'

Thus Tom Brown wrote long ago, and his lines form an apt illustration in the present instance.[1]

It was considered good sport to choose one of the biggest and most active of the class, who, starting as a leader, should leap from rock to rock up the slippery bed of the river as far as he could go, leading a string of as many of the class as chose to follow in his footsteps. The result was that, by the time the Dean Bridge was reached, there were few, if any, of those who had held on so far who had not been dipped or immersed in these Lethean waters; and these returned home soaked, and coated with green slime.

It was about the time that we came under the Rector's hands that an Association was formed for the prosecution of scientific study; nothing less was aimed at by the 'Philosophical Society' of our class.

[1] See his *Works, Comical and Serious*, 1730, vol. i. p. 122.

How many it numbered it would now be difficult to say. But we have seen the mahogany dining-table in Mrs. Jenkin's house in Northumberland Street, where the meetings frequently were held, drawn out to its full extent, and closely surrounded by the chairs of eager members met to have 'papers' read, and to criticise.

The President was poor 'Skinny Wilson'—that is to say, Andrew Wilson, whose *Abode of Snow* is not likely to be forgotten—then there were Fleeming Jenkin, Home, Robert Stuart, Patrick Watson, Allan Stewart, the present writer, and I know not who besides, each with views of his own, and prepared to support them. Geology was the favourite science, chiefly because it led to Saturday excursions; next to which Chemistry; occasionally a member would describe the vapours and bad smells he had produced with iodine.

Then the criticism was of the most slashing sort; a paper that failed to give satisfaction was at once pronounced 'rot.' The most startling topics were sometimes introduced for discussion. For instance, on one occasion, the question was propounded to an indignant student of Chemistry, 'What would be the result of putting a pound of potassium in a pot of porter?' Happily the experiment was not made.

Upon points of style—whether, for example, it was admissible to use such an expression as 'great small-

ness'—a lively wrangle would ensue. But we had implicit faith in our President's omniscience, and when he said he could not 'identify' or 'reconcile'—these were his phrases—in a matter connected with Botany or Geology, the point was usually dropt as one hopelessly involved in difficulty.

The Academy is now happy in the possession of one of the most beautiful and picturesque Cricket fields in the kingdom, which (with its noble Pavilion) is an inestimable advantage to the school. Long may they have the enjoyment of both. The 'Sports' one sees here are admirably done by the present generation of Academicians; not, let us hope, as has been somewhat maliciously hinted, because they give 'their whole minds' to such things. Nevertheless, it has been sometimes thought that, perhaps, something is lost from so much of the spare time being devoted to matches of Cricket and Foot-ball.

Be this as it may, the Saturdays with the Philosophical Society, and the wanderings after 'strata,' 'formations,' and 'specimens,' were occasions of supreme enjoyment. The pursuit of Science on foot, in distant country localities, is hungry work; and banquets of oatmeal cakes, cheese, and ginger-beer in certain village change-houses are bright spots in memory.

Only a single incident in these expeditions will be mentioned; it was one of frequent occurrence.

The Society had a mania for fossil remains, to be found in limestone formations. There was (perhaps *is*) a quarry some five miles to the south of Edinburgh, in a locality associated with the story of Queen Mary, famous for these.

With careful search, fronds of fossil ferns, etc., might be found among the *débris* of the works. But it was desirable to find such things *in situ*. The mines ran for a long distance under ground, and were pitch-dark; and, to reach the point where the miners were at work, it was necessary to come provided with candles. A procession of small boys with lighted candles, feeling their way along the dark galleries, must have been an interesting sight, no doubt. They were always welcomed by their friends, the miners, at the far end; and well taken care of. For when there was going to be a blast, or what they called a 'shot' fired, the workmen would see that each boy was carefully hidden away, crouching behind a stone, or placed out of harm's way in lee of a projecting rock. The candles were put out for the moment while these precautions were taken. Then a blinding glare of fire, and a terrific crash echoed and re-echoed, which seemed to shake the solid walls of the mine; and for a few seconds the fall of fragments of rock and stones in the darkness all around formed a most impressive scene.

Even among these freshly opened rocks the desired

fossils were not always found; and it was not unprofitable for the quarrymen to preserve fragments with trace of a leaf, or what we fondly believed to be a fish scale, against the Saturdays, when the 'Philosophers' might be expected.

Many a weary tramp home these lovers of Science had, their pockets weighed down with 'specimens' of various sorts, including the favourite quartz crystals, white and pink, to be submitted to the meetings at Northumberland Street, or at Allan Stewart's house in Charlotte Square.

It is not quite clear whether Mr. Roland's class should be styled 'pastime' or 'study.' It was a delight to many. Who can forget the handsome figure and splendid bearing of that fine old man, so courteous, so gentle? He was said to have been a pupil of Angelo's. Nor will his son George, Captain Roland, the graceful, be forgotten.

Nothing more elegant of its kind can be conceived than the exercises in *Quarte* and *Tierce* by Mr. Roland and his son—the very poetry of swordsmanship—as shown at the annual 'Assault,' as it was called, when Mr. Roland's pupils from all schools, including those of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy, assembled for competition in the Music Hall.

Conceive the figure of an old French Marquis, in

black silk stockings and knee breeches, with short jacket of black cloth, the broad lapels turned over with rose-coloured silk ; such was old Mr. Roland on these occasions. George's jacket was of dark green velvet, similarly lined with white silk. The encounter between these with the foils was magnificent.

In our early Academy days there were constant wars in the East. Those were the days of Sobraon, Ferozeshah, Moodkee, and a dozen other fights. Nothing pleased old Mr. Roland so much as when the news was conveyed to him that So-and-so—some one of his pupils—had written home that some cunning trick of fence that Roland had taught him, had stood him in good stead when confronted with swordsmen of Afghanistan, or the Panjáb. On such occasions old Roland would go about, for days, radiant and communicative.

Some of the Class may remember encountering, on the floor of the crowded Music Hall, a boy, senior a little to us, who has done honour to the Academy—John Archibald Ballard, of the 'Seventh,' afterwards of the Bombay Engineers. Butler, Ballard, and Charles Nasmyth, the brilliant War Correspondent of *The Times*, his companion at the Military Academy (who likewise figured as a pupil of Roland's on these occasions) composed that remarkable trio that defended Silistria so gallantly, and day by day drove back the

besieging Russians. 'It seemed that the presence of these youths was all that was needed for making of the Moslem hordes a faithful and devoted soldiery.'[1]

Afterwards Lieut. Ballard figured as a Brigadier under Omar Pasha, and distinguished himself in that position at the passage of the Ingoor in Mingrelia. For this service he—though still a young subaltern of Engineers—at the request of the Turkish Commander, received the Companionship of the Bath. A reminiscence of Colonel Ballard (one of the 'oppressors' of 'the Seventh' mentioned at page 23), whom Laurence Oliphant describes as 'an officer of signal capacity and merit,'[2] may be found further on.

[1] See Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. ii. pp. 51, 55.

[2] See *Blackwood*, July 1886, p. 68.

WITH THE RECTOR

An awful, reverend, and religious man.

DRYDEN.

When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye muses, in *Scotland?*
When did frog coarser croak upon Helicon?
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters!

LORD TENNYSON.

CHAPTER V.

WELL do we remember the satisfaction felt, and expressed, by our good master when he had brought us to that point in Classic learning where, having dropped the dreary *Grats*,[1] and other rudimentary helps, we began, under his kindly guidance, to perceive some beauty in the old Roman writers, in place of looking upon them as relentless taskmasters. Lovingly the word-painting of Virgil, the delicately turned phrases of Horace, were laid before us, and the force and venom of the Satirists explained to a not unappreciative audience.

At this stage, in accordance with the routine of the school, we passed into the Rector's hands for classical instruction, without, however, parting from Mr. Cumming. This was a great event in our school life. Hitherto, as has been said, we had looked upon the Rector from afar, with a feeling akin to superstitious awe. We now came into immediate contact with him.

[1] An abbreviation of 'Grammatical Exercises,' a perplexing work, now long since placed on the shelf.

A few words must needs be said concerning this remarkable and important personage.

For us in the Fifth Class, the Venerable John Williams, M.A., of Baliol College, Oxford; Vicar of Lampeter; and Archdeacon of Cardigan, was a being in whom profound learning, and wisdom approaching to omniscience, had clothed themselves in mortal flesh, ample and dignified.

The Horatian phrase, 'imperiosius,' perhaps best describes the impression his grand manner and imposing presence conveyed, except that there was no idea of tyranny.[1]

As he used to stand in the centre of his class-room —ere the studies of the day began—a figure short and rotund, in flowing college gown, his felt hat in one hand, his staff in the other, with head reverently bowed to address a brief petition to Him who had safely brought us to the beginning of that day, the morning sun casting an oval shadow of impressive breadth and magni-

[1] The Rector was imbued with an inexpugnable dignity. On a certain occasion, in the early days of the Academy, 'the Sixth' had hunted *a sow* into the Rector's class-room. The brute took refuge in one of the presses. In rushing out she capsized the Archdeacon on the floor. Peace, and an upright position, restored, the Rector calmly remarked, 'Boys, our lesson has been—what you call—too long interrupted; let us get on.' The details of this curious incident may be found in the *Memoir of Dr. Alexander Wood*, by the Rev. T. Brown, 1887, p. 7.

tude on the white wooden floor, his was a form that held the eye, even as the sonorous voice, rolling out the words, and snapping the ends of his sentences in Cymbrian fashion, did amply fill the ear. And the thought would arise—for thoughts will wander even at such moments—what kind of ellipse it might be that was projected on the sunny expanse of floor.

The Great Hall, it must be remembered, was not then used for morning prayers, as it now is. Indeed, it was reckoned to be a sort of Temple sacred to Athene and the Nine accomplished ladies, and was opened with much solemnity, only one day in the year.

The Rector, being a good Archdeacon, of course used the proper Collect, from which he never allowed himself to wander by one syllable, generation after generation of pupils.

The Reverend John Williams had been one of the Masters at Winchester School, where his services and his literary attainments had won for him much distinction ; and when the Edinburgh Academy was founded, he was chosen to be Head-master. His high reputation drew a large attendance of pupils in the early years of the school's existence. His pride in the signal success of the Academy, and the share he had in making it what it was, was great. Nevertheless Williams, who was a shrewd man, or regarded himself as such, was on one occasion tempted somewhat from his attachment to

the school, whose interests he had served so well, into a blunder that had wellnigh proved disastrous.

His principles were those of the English country clergy of those days, in a very pronounced form. He had been offered a Professorship in the recently founded London University, and hastily accepted it, resigning of course his Rectorship, but unfortunately without previously taking any steps to ascertain on what principles the University was to be conducted. These, it is well known, are somewhat peculiar, and emphatically such as Williams could not approve. He gave up his appointment at once on making the discovery; but in the meantime a successor had been installed as Rector.

The circumstance was most awkward for Williams, who remained some time out of employment, and might have remained much longer, had not the gentleman, a Mr. Sheepshanks, appointed to the Academy, unexpectedly resigned. Instantly the Archdeacon hurried off to Sir Walter Scott, a Director,[1] to make confession of

[1] Among the Directors of the Academy at this time, besides Sir Walter Scott, were Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate; Henry Cockburn, Solicitor-General; Lord Moncreiff; and James Skene of Rubislaw. The genial Lord Cockburn used often to come down to the Academy in our time, and regularly as July came round, he appeared in the playground scattering invitations among the boys he knew, for a feast of strawberries and cream at the well-known shop at the West end of Queen Street.

his blunder, and consult with him as to the best and most likely means of recovering the Rectorship.

'Well, Mr. Williams,' said the author of *Waverley*, 'all that you tell me only convinces me the more of a truth I have long maintained, namely, that *every Schoolmaster is a fool.*'

But Williams was no ordinary schoolmaster, and at much length sought to impress this fact upon Sir Walter, who, having patiently listened, quietly rejoined—

'Very true, I dare say, Mr. Williams—and the greater the *Schoolmaster*, the greater the *fool!*'

Williams happily was re-elected, and doubtless was cautious with regard to such risks in future.

And yet the Rector was thought to be a very cautious man. It used to be said of him that he never would venture to take a walk by the path under 'Samson's Ribs,' the basaltic rocks near Duddingston —not that there was any danger to be apprehended for ordinary people, but there was, it seems, an ancient saying that these great columns would fall some day on *the wisest man in Edinburgh!*

The Rector's opinions being such as have been indicated, it will be granted that probably no author ever made such a sacrifice in the cause of political consistency as he did. His *Life of Julius Cæsar*, an admirable and scholarly work, was announced to

the public some years before it appeared. No one could tell the cause of the delay. At last it was explained to a friend who had the courage to inquire.

'When I began,' said the Archdeacon, 'I was not a Cæsarean. My bias was in favour of Pompey, Cicero, and the aristocratic party; but as I proceeded with the work I began to take the side of my own hero, and, contrary to my intention, and contrary to my principles, my book acquired a democratic tendency; and, seeing the present mania for Reform, I thought it would do harm; and reluctantly made up my mind to *suppress it*.'

For a long time the Archdeacon adhered to this rigorous plan of self-denial, but ultimately the work appeared.

'But,' adds Archdeacon Sinclair, who relates the incident, 'I know not what alterations he made to prevent the mischief he apprehended.'

Few men of his time had the reputation of our Rector for power in conversation. Brilliant talkers, when they knew they were to meet Archdeacon Williams at a dinner party, were put upon their mettle, and fain to gird up their loins and prepare to do their best.

At the period when we came under his immediate care, Williams was nearly at the height of his reputation as a scholar. The work which has been most

instrumental in gaining for him his name in the schools, and the best known, after his more popular *Life of Alexander the Great*—namely the *Homerus*—had been published during the same year; that is, in 1845, and he was now reaping his harvest of fame.

One who was well able to judge of such matters, the Archdeacon of Middlesex, already cited, has narrated how on one occasion he was enabled to steal into the Rector's Class; and how much he was struck with the skill and ability he showed in dealing with his students, and the clearness and conciseness of the pointed questions he put, so as to rivet the attention.[1]

It is well known that the Rector cherished many pet 'fads' in his great soul, and it is conceivable how fascinating it must have been to have the opportunity of instilling these into unsophisticated minds. He was most patient in his endeavours to excite our interest in the *Iliad*, and to explain its beauties of expression and metre.

It is to be hoped that the time and labour that was expended in efforts to make matter-of-fact boys, not born to be poets, compose indifferent Latin verses, was not altogether thrown away, and that the system then universal will not be judged by tangible results.

How those who could string together hexameters and iambics out of the lists of words furnished as

[1] See *Old Times and Distant Places*. London, 1875, p. 234.

materials were looked upon with wonder and envy by those who could make only a poverty-stricken attempt!

'These lame hexameters, the strong wing'd music of Homer?
No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.'

A distinguished clergyman of the Scottish Church believes that it is in consequence of 'the Fall' that the merest trifles sometimes stick in our minds for half a life-time, to the exclusion—it may be—of much that is good and valuable. Perhaps there is some such explanation of the fact that some of the lines produced by our Dux,

'The mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,'

seem to linger in our heads to this day—traces of aspirations after the Unattainable.

A few of the class remained till 'the Seventh.' Those who did so were usually looked upon with something of awe and consideration, as persons having come within reach of Logic and Divinity.

Archdeacon Williams retired from the Academy in 1847, and lived to see the commencement, but not the end, of the great revolt of our Indian troops. And it pleased the old man to make comparison between the conduct of the Carthaginian and of the British mercenaries, and trace causes, and to speculate on the results; but more, to follow with anxious interest the careers of those of his pupils whose fate it was to

uphold the cause of Her Majesty's arms against rebellion.

It is believed that the Rector was a somewhat disappointed man; and not altogether happy in his later days. The feeling lay heavy on him that the career of a schoolmaster, of a head-master, in Scotland, no matter how brilliant it may be, offers few opportunities for promotion. He could not but be conscious that had his lot been cast in England instead of in the far-off North, his abilities and his literary achievements would have had a better chance of recognition; and would doubtless have won for him advancement in the Church, with very substantial benefits.

Williams was a voluminous writer. Those who would understand 'the difference between the Cumreg and Gaeleg' and all that is known of Welsh written records, and many other curious matters, will find that the good Rector has 'endeavoured to make these patent to the common mind'—to use his expression—in a bulky volume of quaint and characteristic papers.

The Reverend Alexander Cumming, son of Dr. Cumming, has written—'I believe the last time my father saw Archbishop Tait, he had been visiting the old Rector, Archdeacon Williams, who was then dying; and Dr. Tait was pleased to tell of the gentle, kindly spirit into which the Rector's fiery energies had by that time mellowed.'

He died at Bushey, in Hertfordshire, in 1858. A marble bust of him may be seen at Baliol; and a portrait in the Hall of the Academy.[1]

At the great Jubilee Dinner of the Edinburgh Academy, in October 1874, where the Archbishop of Canterbury presided, feeling reference was made to Archdeacon Williams by the Chairman in the course of his eloquent speech, and reminiscences of old Academy days.

'As a strong man,' said the Archbishop, 'intellectually improved those among whom he lived, so this man taught them in a way that none but a very able man indeed could teach. He had his faults—as who had not? And many might say that these, as he grew older, predominated. He had, indeed, a strong sense of his powers, and he (the speaker) was not sure that he was not right to hold that opinion. He was a man, and a real man, and he taught and fascinated his pupils in a way that none but a man of great intellectual power could do. He (the Archbishop) ministered to him in his last illness, and followed him to his grave.'

[1] It used to be an event when his two handsome daughters came down to the Academy to meet the Rector of an afternoon. Several years ago, two young gentlemen visited the Academy, anxious to see everything connected with the school. They were 'Punch's' grandsons. Happily Mr. Carmichael, one of the masters, was at hand. He had been a pupil of the Rector's, and was pleased to show them, amongst other things, their grandfather's portrait, and that of his favourite pupil, Archbishop Tait, in the Hall.

THE CLUB

The hankering for what we call sympathy is the virtue, or the vice, of advanced civilisation. I doubt whether primeval man cared much for what his neighbour was thinking about in the abstract. When we advance to the point where luxurious leisure becomes possible, then only do we begin to communicate our sentiments one to the other. It is often an extremely annoying habit.

Augustus Jessop, D.D.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the same year, 1846, that most of the Class left the Academy Mr. Cumming also left it, having been promoted to the Rectorship of the recently instituted Academy at Glasgow, which post he held for the next five years. On the occasion of his leaving the Edinburgh Academy for Glasgow he was presented with a handsome service of plate.

In 1848, it is believed, Mr. Cumming was President (the second to hold the office) of the Educational Institute. To the great pleasure of many, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him in the year 1850 by the University of Glasgow, at the instance of the late Mr. Ramsay, Professor of Humanity at that College.

In the following year Dr. Cumming relinquished his Rectorship, on being appointed one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, in room of Dr. Gibson, afterwards of Merchiston. His acceptance of this important office is said, in the records of the time, to have given 'much satisfaction to all the

Privy Council Committee.' He held it for the next three-and-twenty years—that is, till within a short time of his death.

Again, on his demitting the Rectorship of the Glasgow Academy, Dr. Cumming's admirers and friends gave him 'a splendid tea and coffee service.'

Dr. Cumming was one of the earliest contributors to the *Presbyterian Review*, which he conducted as Editor for many years; and at that period of his career he was ranked as the esteemed friend of Hugh Miller, and was known as one of the circle of *littérateurs* of the time. He took little part in public affairs. He was a staunch member of the Free Church of Scotland; and was an elder of the Pilrig Free Church, from the date of the Disruption. In Glasgow, he was no less active as an elder of St. Andrew's Free Church. For many years Dr. Cumming represented the Presbytery of Lorn in the General Assembly of the Church.

From all this, it will readily be understood how cordially Dr. Cumming was welcomed back to Edinburgh. And how, when his old Academy pupils of the years 1841-1846 formed the resolution of joining in a Club which should bear their respected master's name, with the object of continuing their affectionate companionship with him, and of holding together friendships of long standing, it was an honour to the

Class when this good gentleman accepted the position which it was their desire he should hold with regard to themselves.

'The Class' was by this time scattered; but those of them who remained in Edinburgh took effective steps to ascertain the feelings of their late companions, in this matter. Whether from those still at their studies at various Universities, or already started in their careers of life; from the New World; and the far East; and from various foreign parts, there came expressions of the warmest sympathy.

Had the excellent pastor of 'Arcady' known something of the circumstances of the Cumming Club, he might perhaps have wished to modify in some degree his original remarks on certain forms of 'sympathy.' For Dr. Augustus Jessop has himself been a Headmaster, and as such respected, and would understand that the feeling which suggested such an association had a better foundation than merely a lazy selfishness. At all events, we may claim that, however strong the bond of sympathetic union has been, we, or our views, have never caused annoyance to others.

The records of the Club are distinct and precise on all points connected with its origin: the following are a few notes.

The preliminary meeting, in view of the establishing of the proposed Club, took place on the 23d February

1850, at the Café Royal, Edinburgh, under the Presidency of Sir George Home, Bart.

It is characteristic of the founders that all their transactions were carried out in the most business-like manner. No point of formality of a public meeting was omitted, as the records show. Accordingly, at this, the first meeting, after the Chairman had stated the object of their coming together, with honourable mention of Dr. Cumming's name, it was distinctly formulated, in a resolution duly moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed to—

'That those present[1] do form themselves into a Club to be called *The Edinburgh Academy*, 1841-46, *Cumming Club*. That all those who attended Dr. Cumming's First Class in 1841, and Fifth in 1846, or any one or more of the intervening years, be entitled to admission. That the design in instituting the Club is to promote good feeling generally among the members of the Class, to stimulate friendship by intercourse among those of them who have the good fortune to be still within its reach, to revive mutual interest with those whom circumstances have dispersed, and to testify the respectful regard which they cherish for their former teacher.'

A circular letter, dated 1st March 1850, as has been mentioned, was drawn up, and forwarded to every

[1] Those present, besides the Chairman, were John de la Condamine, Charles Spence, Thomas Hall, Andrew Cuthbertson, William Donald, Patrick Heron Watson, Andrew Watson, Hugh Gray, Charles Neaves Cornillon, Frederick Pitman, Robert Hislop, and Doyle Money Shaw.

member of the Class, in various parts of the world, in which they were invited to join the Club. 'Though it may not be in your power,' thus it ran, 'to be present at any of our annual meetings for some years to come, we hope you will nevertheless join the Club, so that we may not become totally estranged, but that a mutual interest may be kept up between us, and that if you ever return to Edinburgh we may meet again as *friends*.'

The success of these steps was so complete that, before the expiration of the first year, the Secretary, Doyle Money Shaw, was able to report, 4th January 1851, that 'the Roll of the Club already amounted to twenty-two names, and that its capital (all expenses being deducted) was upwards of £9, a sum,' he adds in a very business-like way, 'much more than adequate, with the annual contributions of the members, namely 3s. each, to meet any incidental expenses which the Club can ever incur."

The Secretary likewise reported that 'all the gentlemen who were pupils of Dr. Cumming during the period 1841 to 1846 have been communicated with' by himself, with a few exceptions of those whose addresses could not be ascertained.[1]

[1] An interesting discovery has been made quite recently. Among the MSS. bequeathed by the venerable Dr. David Laing to the Edinburgh University may be found a little MS. volume, entitled 'Minutes

What the active and careful Secretary terms 'the accumulating fund of the Club,' it was determined should be 'deposited in the Royal Bank of Scotland in the names of the President and Secretary,' and should not be appropriated to any purpose whatever without the consent of at least three-fourths of the Local Committee. Nothing could be more business-like than the anxiety of the Secretary that his 'books and accounts' should be properly audited by two members of the Club; no list of members could be used till it had been 'authenticated' by some other office-bearer.

Apparently, in the prospect of thus depositing the funds in bank, and with the sole object, as it seems, of making a good show, it was resolved that 'the accumulating fund of the Club should as soon as possible be raised to *well over* £10.' With this view, it was unanimously agreed that for that year 'the subscription should be raised to 5s.'

Before this meeting separated, it was arranged that

of a Club of Gentlemen educated at the Canongate High School, under Mr. Cumming (see p. 6), during any of the years from 179 ' (*sic*). The volume begins as at July 1807, and the Club seems to have dined together pretty regularly till 1815 at the Royal Exchange Coffee-House; Lord Duncan's Tavern, Canongate; and M'Diarmed's Tavern, foot of Pleasance. On several of these occasions Mr. Cumming and his assistants 'did the meeting the honour to attend.' David Laing himself seems to have been one of Mr. Cumming's pupils.

the first dinner of the Club should take place at the Archers' Hall on 17th January 1851, at six o'clock. 'The Secretary was instructed to invite Drs. Cumming and Gloag, Mr. Hamilton, and Monsieur Senébier to be present at the dinner.'

It was a great and remarkable occasion for these young fellows when they found themselves thus entertaining their old masters, and not yet able to overcome a sense of awe. Everything seems to have been done in the most dignified manner. Sir George Home, as chairman, was 'supported' on the right by Dr. Cumming, and on the left by Dr. Gloag; while the croupier, Doyle Shaw, was similarly 'supported' by Mr. Hamilton and M. Senébier. Then the toasts proposed were numerous and comprehensive, of the most loyal and approved description.

The 'Health of Dr. Cumming,' we are told, was acknowledged by that gentleman 'in a very handsome manner.' Following which came, 'The prosperity of the Edinburgh Academy Cumming Club;' 'Dr. Gloag;' 'Mr. Hamilton;' 'Mons. Senébier;' 'The Academy;' 'The Venerable Archdeacon Williams;' and many more. The youngsters were pleased with the success of their first attempt at dinner-giving, and with themselves.

The next annual dinner seems to have been equally successful, a little less stately, and perhaps more enjoy-

able—at all events it has been placed on record that 'the evening was enlivened with several excellent songs, from Dr. Cumming' amongst others, and that the 'anecdotes with which Monsieur Senébier favoured the company added much to the hilarity of the meeting.' No doubt they did—those anecdotes, so very French!

Even at this early stage, some who had wandered came back. John Gammell for example, who was present at a business meeting of the Club in the second year of its existence, after having served some time with his regiment abroad, 'although he expected to be in India for a few years, hoped to have the pleasure of being present at many meetings of the Club.'

More faithful than the Raven, Jack Gammell did come back—but not for *three-and-thirty years*. He dined with the Club for the first time in June, 1886. His wanderings in the meantime, are they not recorded further on?

But a far more remarkable entertainment was shortly to be given by the young Club, the memory of which is still fresh with those so happy as to have been present, and no less so in the mind of the guest of this never-to-be-forgotten evening.

In February 1852, Peter Guthrie Tait achieved the

high distinction and position of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. This was felt to be an honour conferred on the Academy, the Masters—Gloag in particular—the Class, and the Club. Consequently they could do no less than offer to their old friend and Dux a banquet specially designed to do him worship. And right well they did it. Thus the Secretary, Frederick Pitman, explained the ideas of the Club in issuing the invitations for this dinner—'It is in honour of our old classfellow and Dux, and now member of our Club, Peter Guthrie Tait, who, as you will probably have heard, in February last obtained the highest scholastic honour which England can confer, and which ever has been obtained by any old Academy pupil—namely, the Senior Wranglership at Cambridge.'

For once the exclusive rule of the Club was broken through, and invitations scattered with a lavish hand amongst those—and they were many—who, beyond the limits of the Class, held kindly memories of Tait and of the Academy. Amongst others who were present at the great symposium in the Archers' Hall, on 22nd March 1852, were Dr. Cumming, Dr. Gloag, Mr. Hamilton, Mons. Senébier, and all the members of the Cumming Club—'a numerous company of gentlemen.'

It was a high occasion for them all. Gloag could hardly divest himself of the idea that *he* was the hero

of the occasion, such credit did he take to himself.[1] The *speeches*, and everything else connected with the dinner, were enthusiastic in the highest degree. Had 'illuminations' been thought appropriate, they were there, in the bright and joyous faces round the table. Fireworks and triumphal music only were wanting to render the affair complete. The former they could not have at short notice ; the last was an unfortunate suggestion—if formulated in words—the inspiration of some demon of Discord, envious of the cordiality that prevailed, as will appear. The Archers' Hall is a long handsome room, at one end of which is a gallery supported by slender pillars. It was used at this time for various purposes, gatherings of different kinds, concerts and so on.

The stage was reached when most of the elder of the guests had taken their departure, with due mention of the delightful evening the Club had been the means of their enjoying. It was so delightful an evening that the hosts and the guest had no thought of letting

[1] When intelligence reached the Academy of the great event, Gloag was 'raised,' and out of himself, with excitement. 'Have ye hard the news aboot Tait?' he asked of everybody he met, M—— amongst others. 'No,' answered M——; 'he's got a Bishopric, I suppose, or something of that sort.' 'No, sir, it's not Archibald Cam'ell Tait—it's *Peter Guthrie* Tait, a vara different parson—Senior Wrangler, sir!' and off he went to spread the news.

it come to a premature ending. Festive conversation was at fullest swing—that is to say, many talkers, few listeners—when suddenly this scene of revelry was broken in upon by an ominous 'boom.' Tongues were still for a moment, but only for a moment.

Then, once again, clearer, deadlier than before, the 'boom' is heard above the clatter of tongues.

In a moment the mystery is solved. The President, Doyle Shaw, ever active for good, or evil, from his end of the table where it approached the gallery, had observed, peeping over the edge of this gallery, at an inviting angle, the rim of a big drum. Straightway the idea arose that by well-directed vertical fire this tempting object might be reached.[1] The very first orange discharged hit the mark unobserved by the company, but the second 'boom' discovered all.

The idea was hailed as a brilliant one that only needed development. The entire dessert, apples and oranges, was soon expended. Then the thought occurred to Doyle Money Shaw to improve on his original idea. While the practice was still going on, he managed cleverly to 'swarm' up one of the pillars with the intention of capturing the big drum. But on arriving at the spot, and with a shout of ecstasy,

[1] For his share in the bombardment of Alexandria, this energetic member of the Club, and first Secretary, was made a 'Companion of the Bath.' Who will say that History doth not repeat herself?

he announced to those below that the *entire band instruments* were there! Without a moment's loss of time, these were passed down, and from hand to hand; and nothing would serve these festive spirits but the '*Conquering Hero*,' in Tait's honour. This was attempted with more or less success, Doyle Money Shaw leading on the great drum. Sundry solos, and original movements, followed—

'And loud bassoons played (un)heavenly tunes,'

when, in the midst of the din, the custodian of the hall rushed in upon the scene, beside himself with rage and fear.

'Gentlemen! upon ma word, gentlemen!——' he cried.

The concluding remarks were drowned in a crash of unearthly sounds.

What his views, or of those concerned with the place were, is not precisely known; but it is stated in the record of this great demonstration, that—'When at a late hour it became necessary to separate, it was with a feeling of increased regard for old associations and old friendships.'

NOCTES CŒNÆQUE

Whoso hath his mind fraught with many Thoughts, his Wits and Understanding do clarify and break up in the communication and discoursing with others ; he tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly ; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words . . . he bringeth his own Thoughts to light, and whetteth his Wits as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a word, a man will better relate himself to a picture or a statue than to suffer his Thoughts to pass in smother.

Bacon.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING a few of the earlier years of the Club the annual dinners were held in a well-known place of entertainment at the foot of one of the closes running down from the North side of the High Street. There was a certain fascination in the idea that in our festivities carried on in this classic neighbourhood we were, in some sort, the unworthy successors of the 'Crochallan Fencibles,' or the 'Ante-manum' of ancient days.

In a dark winter evening it was not always easy to find the spot in the Flesh Market Close; or afterwards to find the way out. In all this there was a distinct charm, as there was in the cosy low-roofed room with its blazing fire, the light from which was thrown back and about on the burnished silver plate for which the house was famous, and the well-polished mahogany table. Here one was received as into a refuge from the tearing East wind and the dark bleak night, and for the moment dazed with the brilliancy.

Who shall describe in proper terms the *marrow*

bones served with appropriate silver accompaniments, and other dishes national, rich, and seductive; whereof it diverted Gloag, who loved a Class joke, to be told that 'helpings' should be followed by nips of old Glenlivet 'in arithmetical progression.'

All this is very barbarous no doubt, and it can only be pleaded that it happened a long time ago. Still there be some who, amidst the elegancies of modern life with which the Club has in these later years surrounded itself, hanker after the primitive delights and comforts of the Flesh Market.

Probably it was the advancing tide of modern manners that put an end to the old Clubs that so long frequented Daunie's Tavern and other dingy corners of the old town of Edinburgh. Similar causes led to our migration from the quaint and classic surroundings of the Flesh Market Close to the more accessible and present-day locality and arrangements of West Register Street. Besides, it was far for the old masters to wend their way on a winter's night.

Here, again, we were on classic ground, and within a stone's throw of the famous spot where 'Ambrose' and his 'Tavern' flourished. Who has not been stirred by the glorious '*Noctes*'?

Nothing could be more enjoyable and real than our 'Nights' in this locality of many memories.

Here for the next nine years the dinners were held—excellent dinners; our own Chaplain to say the grace, and another class-fellow to give us good wine. Our good master was outspoken in 'the expression of the great interest and pleasure he felt in these annual meetings.' Gloag was no whit behind in similar kindly feelings, expressed in a manner characteristic of him.[1]

It was at this time, January 1853, that the Club drank 'To the memory of Mr. Hamilton.' Poor Hammy!

At these meetings the thoughts of the Class and the old masters naturally turned to those who were away; and we read that, one evening in January 1855, at the Flesh Market, they drank, with good wishes, to those 'of the Club who were abroad, especially such as were in the Crimea and Turkey.'[2]

And now some of the fellows who had wandered began to return, and the worthy Secretary's anxieties, as shown by the records, to keep up the numbers of the Club to be somewhat at rest.

[1] See *Minutes*, 28th January 1853.

[2] At this time there were with the Forces in the Crimea, James Paton, 4th King's Own; James Craster, 38th Regiment; Patrick Heron Watson, Assistant Surgeon Royal Artillery; W. Brown, Assistant Surgeon 13th Light Infantry; Frank Grant Suttie, with the Naval Brigade; and Doyle Money Shaw, Assistant Surgeon, on board H.M.S. 'Spiteful,' in the Black Sea.

William Clephane, from service with the Bengal Artillery; James Vertue, of the Madras Engineers; and later, Cockburn — who, at the founding of the Club, had figured as 'Mr. Gentleman Cadet H. A. Cockburn;' and Fergusson, after the Indian Mutiny, returned. Later still, Hall came home from long medical practice in Brazil; and—after having been long 'wanted' on the Club lists — Arthur Forbes, R.N., appeared, a wanderer from the Baltic, and the China and African seas; then Charles Hope, from railway-making in India. In 1869 the Club received a welcome addition to its number in the return of Fleeming Jenkin, appointed Professor of Engineering in the Edinburgh University. How pleased old Cumming was to welcome back his boys, and how genially he beamed on them through his silver-rimmed spectacles!

Many of these had good stories to tell. Many could speak of chance meetings with other class-fellows in far-away parts; in the Crimea; in passes of the Himalayas; by the banks of the Ganges;

'Vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.'

Of these chance meetings our dear old master loved to hear; more will be said on this subject in the last chapter.

A word or two regarding the Club's Museum. The archives are preserved in a ponderous chest of a very business-like description. By a minute formally passed, this was ordered to be produced at each annual dinner. Its contents are interesting. For example, it is recorded in the Minutes, 12th February 1864, how a zealous member of the Club had forwarded from India 'a fragment of Dr. Cumming's Tawse,' which, having been produced by Dr. Patrick Heron Watson, was handed to the Secretary, and ordered to be preserved with the Archives of the Club.'

Furthermore, under date 11th January 1867, it is shown that the 'Museum of the Club' having been opened, and the precious fragment exhibited, 'Dr. Gloag, amidst the applause of the company, undertook to lay on the table at the next dinner of the Club, for preservation with its Archives, the veritable Tawse used by him during the period of his long incumbency at the Academy; an instrument that "he feared was already well known to several members of the Club."'[1]

In due course the promise was fulfilled. At the next annual dinner, 22d January 1868, Dr. Gloag with some solemnity took from the pocket of his tail-coat *the Tawse*, and threw them on the table amidst a burst of rapturous applause.

[1] See *Minutes*, p. 56.

When they had been safely placed under lock and key, and Dr. Gloag thanked for the 'gift of the interesting relic,' the feelings experienced were chiefly these: that a high distinction had been conferred on the Club in Dr. Gloag's having given a preference to them above all other aspirants, by thus making them the guardians of such a treasure, and secondly: that at last a triumph had been achieved over the Adversary of our youth, now scotched and consigned to perpetual durance.

On one occasion the very PΩΔ was produced at a dinner of the Club, having been lent 'positively for one night only' by the fortunate possessor, Mr. Harry Cheyne, W.S. There were several present entitled to show authoritatively how both instruments were used.

There is also to be found in the Chest a very spirited and cleverly executed drawing, in pen-and-ink, partly coloured, of 'a Witch,' the history of which is interesting. It had been for some five-and-thirty years carefully preserved by an old lady in Edinburgh, under the impression that the drawing had been done by her nephew while at the Academy. It came to light when the good old lady died, and was at once recognised as the work of the draughtsman of the Class, J. R. Simpson, of the Bengal Army.

The little scrap, probably obtained in exchange for something considered of equal value at the time, was

in due course handed over for safe keeping in the Chest, as a memento of a well-remembered class-fellow, the circumstances of whose miserable death during the Indian Mutiny, after he had shown his artistic skill in the Burmese Campaign, are narrated in their proper place in this book.

Not the least interesting relic in the Chest is a scrap of paper, thumbed and rubbed as though it had been long carried in the pocket. It is one of those circulars which, from of old, have been surreptitiously passed from hand to hand in class at the Academy, at lesson times. It seems there was an idea started in 'the Sixth' that in the height of summer it would be more pleasant to begin the Saturday lessons at eight o'clock in place of at nine, as was then the custom. It was desirable to ascertain the wishes of the whole Class on this point. With this object the note in question was started by the Dux; with seventeen signatures[1] out of the twenty-two that then composed 'the Sixth,' assenting with more or less enthusiasm, it seems to have found its way back to the hands of the Dux, in

[1] The document runs—'*Those who are willing* to come at 8 A.M. on Saturday, will please sign. P.S.—Pass down and up again.' It is signed, 'P. G. Tait, A. B. Bell, G. Home, A. Stewart, J. Bryce, T. Brodie, H. Gray, W. Donald, D. Shaw, Condamine, R. Stuart, W. M'Kean, Duncan, W. Brown, W. A. Elgin, J. Gordon, P. Watson—17.'

whose possession the document remained till 1878, when it was added to the Museum.

And now, that is about 1869, the Club began to miss the honest face of Dr. Gloag in the streets and at the dinner. He had suffered from domestic bereavements, and we had to be contented with quaint bits of reminiscence regarding him. He was always at his best at our dinners, and, as old Robert Burton of 'melancholy' memory says—'his company was very merry, facete, and juvenile.' How poor Gloag would chuckle and shake his ample sides over one of the Philosophy Professor's subtle profundities, skilfully laid out, with watchful twinkle of the eye for the moment when the spark should explode laughter in his listeners.

And there would be recalled a curious scene. On one occasion Gloag, in the midst of an animated discussion, had his attention withdrawn from the compounding of 'half a glass of tōddy,' a feature, for him, of the evening. He had all the materials ready to his hand—the sugar, the hot water, etc. Still eagerly talking, Gloag mechanically placed the sugar in his tumbler, then, reaching out his hand, with more care he poured out a good glassful from a crystal bottle of clear liquid, and deliberately poured it on the sugar, and that it might be *very good* he added 'an eke.' The process was watched with breathless excite-

ment. Then came the boiling water, carefully poured in to the proper level, and stirred—no one dared to say a word. Expectation was not disappointed, when the moment for the first sip came. Gloag's face, on which disgust and amazed perplexity were depicted, was a perfect study of combined expression, and delicious to the onlooker.

It was pure water from a *carafe* he had poured into his glass; and not the veritable 'Long Chone.'

Again, on a certain occasion Gloag met one of our Class, a gentleman of good estate in Midlothian, who was not then married, as Gloag thought he should have been, and taxed him with it roundly.

'But, Dr Gloag,' urged the former pupil, 'I have not yet found anybody that will have me.'

'Hoots,' replied Gloag, 'what ails ye at *Jassie?*' —a proposal difficult to accept on the moment, or refuse, seeing 'Jassie' was Gloag's daughter.

'How poor Fox would have enjoyed these bones!' How poor Gloag would have enjoyed these stories!

The nineteenth annual dinner of the Club had been fixed for the 28th January 1870, but was put off, on account of the death of Dr. Gloag, till the 2nd March following.

On this occasion, 'The members desired to record their sincere regret at the loss of their old and honoured friend, whose presence at these meetings had

always been a source of much gratification and pleasure to the Club.'[1]

It was in January 1871, at their twentieth annual meeting, that the Club made a small offering to Dr. Cumming, which it is believed he valued. Two years previously there had been a suggestion that a collection should be made of as many photographic portraits of the Class as could be obtained, and given to Dr. Cumming in a suitable album. With some labour, our Secretary succeeded in getting together three-and-twenty of these likenesses, which were duly inserted in a handsome volume, and offered for our master's acceptance.

Then, as he had so often done, he spoke of the sincere gratification it was to him to meet his old friends year by year, referring in a touching manner to the time when he should be with them no more, and expressed very strongly the hope that, when that time came, the Class would still continue to meet in cordial friendship as they had done for so many years. It would be cheering to him to think that there was a hope of this, seeing he could not expect to see many more such meetings.

In July 1874, Dr. Cumming retired from the office of H.M. Inspector of Schools, which he had held since 1851, receiving the usual pension from Government.

[1] See *Minutes*, 2nd March 1870.

This withdrawal from public life was a source of regret to a wide circle of friends. Their regret was freely expressed. 'During a long period of years,' it was said, 'there was scarcely a parish in Scotland where the name and figure of Dr. Cumming were not familiar. His presence was missed in many a country manse.'

This kindly appreciation took a more tangible form. On the occasion of his retirement, a large company of friends met in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, and publicly presented him with yet another gift of plate; a beautiful Silver Urn[1] and Salver, accompanied with a fine copy of Lewin's *Life of St. Paul*, in recognition of his long and faithful service in the cause of Education.

It has been thought that there is a certain fascination in the manner of after-dinner talk at the Cumming Club. In however orderly a fashion the conversation may begin with commonplace discussion of current topics, the course of it is usually the same—by degrees a comparison of reminiscence, interchange of news of

[1] The inscription on the urn runs: 'Presented to James Cumming, LL.D., by a large number of teachers and other friends, on the occasion of his retirement from the office of H.M. Inspector of Schools, as a token of their cordial appreciation of the fidelity and genial courtesy with which for twenty-three years he discharged the duties of his office. 7th November 1874.'

Academy celebrities, points of old Class-lore discussed in a more or less opinionated manner. The production from the Chest of one or other of the treasures, or a scrap of old correspondence, is enough to start a discussion at any time.

Perhaps there is somewhat of the old Academy feeling of independence, want of reverence if you like, for views propounded, because they are the views of somebody; outrageous propositions answered in a like preposterous strain; the same free criticism as in the play-ground of the School, all in the best of good humour.

And a curious fact I will mention: subjects that at other times would attract but little notice are listened to with attention the closest, not for any interest in themselves, but, as it seems, on account of him who talks. Whether it be the cackle of the Parliament House; the gossip of the General Assembly; or tales of war and sport, it matters not; it is not the length of the tiger or the width of the skate that interests so much as the personality of the hunter or of the fisher. It is a rare chance this yearly meeting, and the feeling is to make the most of it in good fellowship. And when the talkers, as they are wont to do, fall into pairs, what is 'the jargon of the schools' to the clatter of the Club!

When the Secretary, as the night grows late, gets

up to fetch in the Chest, and lay it on the table, as he by enactment is bound to do, the chances are that on his return something of this sort is what will meet his ears—

'The squadrons, my dear sir, were left in front;
The enemy untouched by shot or shell;
Down hill they rode, and fell upon the square'—
'No, sir, it was a meloid 'Dafty' drew;
The paper for the Royal Society
Fix'd such attention as you seldom see;
Eighteen he was'—'A great age for a judge,
But then his intellect's as clear as when
He first put on his robes long years ago'—
'Long ears indeed! I cannot quite agree'—
'To hear him in a shipping case you'd say'—
'Why fire the second barrel at the brute?
Only to spoil the skin, when stark he lay
And dead'—'Not quite upon the putting-green,
But then with my short spoon I seldom fail
To manage such a shot'—'What luck indeed!'—
'Ergs, or tenth-mètres, it matters not one whit,'
'The foot-pounds were as seven are to two;
And that I will maintain, tho' all the pig-
And wooden-headed owls—' etc.

It is an old story now—yet certain of the readers of this Chronicle will remember how, when the craze for the higher education of women was epidemic, and lectures were given on subjects deep and abstruse to such ladies as chose to attend, the Professor of Natural

Philosophy one evening at the Cumming Club was subjected to a process of persistent badgering, with the object of inducing him to give, then and there, a specimen of those prelections of his that were found so attractive to the young, and the fair, and the '*blue*,'

> 'While Tait sat joking
> And marked while smoking,[1]
> Still slyly poking
> Where jests might hit.'[2]

His pipe replenished and puffed to a ruddy glow, the Professor rose to give the desired 'specimen;' and such a specimen! The subject, some thought, was 'Philosophy,' but whether natural, or unreal, or paradoxical they did not know; some said, Nay! it was modern Science that was undergoing so remarkable a treatment. Others again were inclined to think, as the flow of talk ran on, that it was all about—But why multiply opinions that were perhaps all wrong? The discourse—it did not seem to be a speech; sermon it was not, for it lacked the essential points, namely, 'introduction,' 'application,' and 'heads'—flowed on its course smoothly, with here a quip and there a quiddity.

[1] Ours is an Academic, not a Collegiate, fraternity, therefore 'the herb Nicotiana' is not prohibited.

[2] *To the Additional Examiner for* 1875. By J. C. M. See *Life* p. 643.

Nothing the speaker touched he did not adorn with points of light and bits of colour, deftly and daintily thrown in.

And his 'subject,' whatever that may have been—how gently and lightly he tossed it up, and turned it over; and 'hovered' round it, and 'wavered' and 'poised' and 'circled up;' Austin Dobson's *Butterfly* not more airy in his touch and movements.

And still the talk glided on.

While pipes went out and eyes were opened wide, the Professor gave, with sweetest smile, glimpses of what may well have been the wiles with which he enticed the young, and the fair, and the 'blue' into paths leading onwards to the mazes of amphicheiral and other species of Beknottedness, in the midst of which the Cumming Club had long ere this been hopelessly entangled. During one of the momentary pauses, when the speaker stopped to keep his pipe alight with a puff or two, he casually remarks—

'Just say when you have had enough of this—or I'll go on for twenty minutes more.'

> 'Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep
> Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
> Such is the shout'

of indignation that sends the Professor—still sweetly smiling—back to his chair.

It had been a feature of these meetings that the old-fashioned custom of after-dinner songs was kept up. At a certain stage of the evening's proceedings it was usual for the President in formal terms to ask Dr. Cumming to favour the company with a song. The melody was always the same—a very sweet and gentle rendering of the old song, 'A wee bird cam' to oor ha' door.' It was not without a touch of sadness that, in these later years, the familiar song was listened to. The voice was not so strong, nor the notes so clear, as we remembered them. Though the smile of the musician was the same, the thought was saddening that the gentle music and the venerable singer would not long hence be, for us, among the memories.

Another song there was which is recalled. A Genoese boat-song in the *patois* of the Port, redolent of the air of the Mole; full of the creaking of rollocks, and the jabble of oars, rather than of melody, a rare bit of music, given by one who did not number song among his many and diverse gifts. That, too, we can hear no more.

On the 15th December 1875, our good old master passed away. His death took place 'with startling suddenness.'

The Club could only give expression, in their Minutes, to a feeling of 'deep sorrow for the loss of one of whom they had so many pleasant reminiscences,

and who was always so pleased to meet his old pupils.'[1] It is unnecessary to say more now.

But while our opinion of him was such as it has been attempted to convey, it is very gratifying to be able to show, in some measure, what his feelings were towards us. One who had the best means of knowing writes:—'My father was not a man to make invidious comparisons; but I am sure it was not the mere name of "the Cumming Club" that made him feel and speak so affectionately of the old pupils whom he met at the annual gatherings. With great admiration for the talents of several, he seemed to think that an unusual amount of chivalrous and bright brotherly-kindness pervaded and allied the members. Of some he never spoke without the half-laugh, half-tears, which sought to conceal, and yet betrayed, his tenderness of feeling for them.'

For the moment there was a question whether, now that the centre of our little Society was gone, it should not be allowed to dissolve. But it was called to mind how often our master had spoken of the hope he entertained that, when he should be called away the Class would continue to meet as before. Accordingly, the 'twenty-fifth' meeting of the Club was held on the 23d March 1876. With increasing numbers and prosperity they have met annually till now.

[1] *Minutes*, 23d March 1876.

Following still the traditions of the Club in the search of good dinners, they migrated to an hotel in St. Andrew's Square, where for the next seven years the meetings were held. But still the instinct to move towards the West was strong, and they think they have now reached within a measurable distance of perfection in this matter.[1]

It was at the thirty-third meeting of the Club that it was 'sincerely and solemnly declared' that it was their wish that the Historiographer should undertake the long-talked-of compilation of the Annals of the Club; he was exhorted to lose no time, and, in concert with the Secretary, endeavour to trace the careers of our class-fellows, the scraps of intelligence of some that had from time to time been received, having led to the desire for more.

[1] It may be noticed that for many years the only contribution to the Club funds (if such it can be called) is the charge for the member's dinner annually. The dinners of the Cumming Club are wellnigh perfect in every respect. Their *menus* have in some instances been preserved in *Alba*—this is an Academic work—by persons interested in such things. The secret of how all this is effected at a very moderate cost rests with our sagacious Secretary.

CHANGES AND CHANCES

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel—
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.
Turn, turn thy wheel—
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

LORD TENNYSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was quaintly stated in the earlier pages of our Records that it was hoped the Club, when formed, would be the means of furnishing to those whose happy lot it was to 'stay at home,' news as to how it fared with those who had gone forth to face life and duty in other spheres—and hemispheres.

The Club has fulfilled this expectation. Slowly at first, and bit by bit, such information was gathered in, during the years, laden with events, that followed close upon our leaving the Academy. It is intended in this last chapter to chronicle a few of the turns of Fortune's Wheel, that from time to time became known to the Club, and a few of the chance forgatherings of our Class-fellows under various circumstances.

In certain respects there is a marked difference between those days and these. The 'Services'—Her Majesty's and that of the Honourable East India Company — were the natural outlet for young Scots gentlemen, able-bodied and of good education. Commissions in Her Majesty's Service were to be had by

purchase at no great expense. Comparatively few went into the Navy. Then few things were 'competed' for, 'cramming' was unknown, examinations for the Army were for the most part of the most flimsy description. The Scots Directors of the East India Company were known to keep most of their good things for the hungry young 'Sea-maws' at home, and a cadetship for the Indian Army was not difficult to obtain, especially for a lad whose father had done good service before him—and it was worth having. It was common for an aspirant to wait on for several years on the promise of an Indian cadetship, which was certain to be made good.

Therefore it was, perhaps, no more than a fair proportion of our Class—namely, some seven-and-twenty, that found their way into the Services—Civil, Army-Medical, Naval, or Military. At the moment of our leaving school there seemed every prospect of peace being continued in Europe, and in the East, and of the lives of those young gentlemen being humdrum enough. The result was far otherwise.

Even before some of Dr. Cumming's boys had finished their schooling, or ever the Club was thought of, the rough work had begun. The first of this Class militant to smell the villainous saltpetre was George Burnes. He had borne himself, and the colours of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers, well at the assault of the

Fort of Multan, in December 1848; in the action of Gujerat; and in the subsequent pursuit and surrender of the Sikh army, when 30,000 soldiers gave up their arms. A handsomer or more gallant and joyous youth could not be seen than Burnes at Poonah, in 1849, fresh from his first campaign, proud of his recently won medal and clasps.

The after-story of poor Burnes is one that is most painful to write, and harrowing to read. Vague rumours had long been in circulation regarding his tragical fate in the Indian Mutiny, and his chivalrous self-devotion. Efforts had been made to ascertain the facts, but it was not until the publication of Sir John Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War* that a connected story could be compiled from the scattered details there given. These differed in many particulars from the story hitherto current, and the authentic narrative is even more distressful—so much so, that it has never yet been communicated in full to the Cumming Club, for reasons that need not be further specified. The miserable narrative may, however, be found in the latter part of this volume.

Several of the Class figured in the Crimean War, as has been said, by sea and land. All of these, happily, came back safe and sound, or nearly so. One of the first stories that reached the Club from the army in

the East was the account of how James Paton was supposed to have been killed in the trenches—so narrow was his escape.

Thus it happened: After nightfall the officer who had just posted the sentries in front of the Advanced trench of the Left Attack reported that he had not enough men to connect with the Cemetery to the left. Paton was directed to see what was wrong. Taking a corporal with him he went round, and found that by posting the sentries properly there were four men more than were required.

On returning with these, and just as they were getting into the trench, a howitzer shell from the Russian batteries burst in the midst of the party, killing three of them and wounding the rest. Only small fragments of the corporal's body were afterwards found. Paton, who was close by the corporal, was thrown down, and for some time it was difficult to say if he were killed or not, so ghastly was the sight he presented. Ultimately it was found he was wounded by two pieces of the shell, but not severely.

On the road from Balaclava to the Camp there lay a wilderness of mud, broad and deep, almost impassable. Riding towards the Camp, a young medical officer, Patrick Heron Watson, is ware of another making his way on foot and in an opposite

direction, and looking with despond at the slough before him; and anon at his neat and natty little feet, to whom, albeit unrecognised, Watson addresses the remark—

'Nobby, this is no place for boots like yours.'

It was Assistant Surgeon, otherwise 'Nobby,' Brown, the 'Maccaroni' of our Class, at that time serving with that 'crack' regiment the 13th Light Infantry. Pleased was he to meet with his class-fellow, and sympathy, where least expected.

Then came the story of how Frank Suttie well and truly worked his guns in the trenches before Sebastopol.

On the 11th October 1854, he was landed from the *Bellerophon*, and took part with the famous Naval Brigade in the operations against the town. On the 17th October, on the occasion of fire being opened from their batteries upon the defences of the city, Suttie's post was in the Left Attack, commanded by Captain Moorsom, C.B.; he had charge of two guns, military 24-pounders. As described by a Naval officer, a friend of Suttie's, who was also working a couple of these guns in the same battery, and separated from him by a protecting traverse, the battery in front of them was that of the Redan; and the fire to which they were exposed 'was very hot for some hours.' Till past midday the sailors steadily kept their guns going, and

for a long time the smoke was so thick that they could only point their own, by the flashes from the enemy's artillery. At one o'clock in the afternoon, however, they were rewarded for their exertions by the explosion of the Redan magazine in front of them. After which, it is said, there was for the Naval Brigade comparatively little to do for the rest of the day. Crouching under the parapet, they were now able to *refresh* with a little wine and water, which Lieutenant Randolphus Oldfield, in charge of the division of guns, had brought down with him.

In December 1856, war had been declared against Persia in respect that the Shah, acting under Russian influence, had refused to evacuate Herat, as he was bound to do by agreement. Accordingly it became necessary to operate from the sea, and it was determined to take the town and port of Bushire in the Persian Gulf. The force to effect this had landed at Ras Hallila, some miles south of the town. Two of the Class were there, Matthews Corsellis Utterson and the present writer. In the evening Utterson came over to where his regiment was bivouacked, to talk of Cumming and the old Academy days, since which time the class-fellows had not met. When they separated, each to look after his men, it was in the hope of being able to meet the next day.

In few words, the following is a narrative of the sad events of that day. An advance was to be made on the town of Bushire. The advanced guard, composed of two companies of British infantry, of which the narrator, then a subaltern, commanded one; two guns of the Horse Artillery; and a squadron of Indian cavalry. The instructions to the guard were simple and comprehensive, namely, to march an hour and a half before the column, and 'clear any obstacles.'

The only obstacle met with was a formidable one. It was the old Dutch Fort of Reshire, situated on the shore, a square solid mass of earth-work, upon a high rocky foundation overlooking the sea, defended by high sloping ramparts, and a deep ditch with the sides scarped. The fort was found to be held by a body of 1400 of the Tangastooni tribe, half Arabs. The advanced guard had enough to do to hold their own till the column came up.

An immediate assault on the place was ordered. The point opposite which Utterson's regiment deployed was the deepest and most difficult part of the ditch. Along the crest of the parapet the enemy had dug a line of pits, or trenches, from which they kept up a heavy and unceasing fire, nothing seen but the heads and matchlocks of the Arabs. As soon as the line was extended a rush was made at the fort. Utterson succeeded in crossing the ditch, and gallantly

led his company up the steep slopes of the rampart. The last that was seen of him, before he fell mortally wounded, was his figure, his sword raised, leading on his men, *too far* in front of them, through a cloud of smoke and fire. He had passed the pits, but a shot from one of them laid him low. Lieutenant Warren, a brother officer of his, fell beside him. Likewise Brigadier Stopford, C.B., leading his old regiment, the 64th Foot, was killed but a few paces off, before he had reached the top of the rampart.

So the obstacle was 'cleared,' but at a heavy price.

An officer of Utterson's regiment, the 20th Bombay Native Infantry, was at the same time wounded in several places, and afterwards received the Victoria Cross for his part in the affair. I believe he was no whit more forward than our class-fellow, in the assault.[1]

[1] The place had been taken; the colours planted on the parapet. Meanwhile, a detachment of the Third Bombay Light Cavalry swept along the beach in pursuit of the flying enemy, many of whom had sought shelter among the rocks. Several of the Persians took refuge in the sea. As the troopers passed along at a gallop under the fort, a single shot from these rocks, and the leader of the horsemen, Major Malet, fell from the saddle, dead.

At the same moment the news spread that 'the Brigadier,' Stopford, was 'shot.' By one of those sudden freaks that soldiers sometimes take, many began to renew the fire, discharging volleys at the unfortunates in the water. A mill-pond with handfuls of

Matthews Utterson was ultimately laid within the precincts of the Armenian Church and Convent of Bushire, after the capture of the town. He lies, along with other gallant gentlemen, in the courtyard, under the stone slabs close to the wall of the Church, a peaceful spot; and when we saw it last, bright under the midday sun, dark shadows thrown across the white pavement, the only sound the cooing of the pigeons in the minarets above, it conveyed an impression of peace and rest.

Here is one of the dramatic incidents that found their way to the Club, connected with the Indian Mutiny, and some of our number. Cockburn was at Hatras in June 1857—the most critical juncture in the history of the Mutiny—with the Irregular Cavalry of Scindiah's Contingent, in which he was serving,

gravel thrown into it, such was the surface of the tranquil sea. It was a few seconds, no longer, before the officers could stop the fire. But *in the very midst of it* an officer is seen to ride his horse deep into the water to where a young Tangastooni is holding up his hands imploringly. He takes him by the wrist, and, with the other hand, signals for the fire, from the fort above, to cease. A shout of admiration comes from the soldiers and all who saw this splendid thing done.

The officer who did it—it should be known at the Academy, and elsewhere—was Ballard of 'the Seventh,' already mentioned, at that time a Lieutenant of Engineers, and Companion of the Bath.

when about a hundred of his men, principally Mahomedans, rebelled, as related further on. They failed, however, to get more of their comrades to join them, and rode off to stir up the villagers in the district to join in their evil courses. They succeeded but too well. Cockburn, however, always forward and active, was equal to the occasion, and to them. Though his party was reduced to only 123 horsemen, he resolved to be even with the revolted troopers. He heard that the mutineers who had left him had been joined by some five hundred villagers, and were carrying out a successful system of plunder, the roads being infested by the rascals. No traveller—hardly even the proverbial empty singer—was safe from these wolves.

It is the custom in India, when native ladies make a journey, for them to travel in bullock-carts covered with a heavily curtained canopy, or awning. When such a vehicle, with its pair of lazily stepping bullocks, is seen leisurely dragging its way along the hot dusty road, it is safe to say that some well-to-do native women are on a journey, probably with the bulk of their valuables on their persons.

Now, observe Cockburn's ruse. Having previously ascertained the whereabouts of the enemy, he procured such a vehicle as has been described. Inside he placed as many of his troopers as it would conveniently hold, with loaded carbines, and carefully closed

the heavy curtains. One of his men was installed as driver. The cart is then sent down the road that passes near the rebel camp, Cockburn and his troop in the meantime taking up a position whence they can watch proceedings from under the shelter of some trees.

Never did a hungry shark rise more eagerly to a bait. No sooner did the rebels see the carriage than they mounted and galloped forward to secure the fair lady and her jewels, that they doubted not were inside. The troopers behind the curtains waited till the foremost men were within easy range, when they discharged their carbines with deadly effect. At the same moment, Cockburn and the rest of his men dashed out and fell upon the rear of the astonished force, killing forty-eight and dispersing the remainder.[1]

Another and striking incident may be mentioned. In the year 1860 Fleeming Jenkin was employed in the Mediterranean, repairing a telegraphic cable that had been broken. The broken ends had to be taken up and united. The vessel conveying the party arrived at the spot where the fracture had taken place, and got hold of one of the broken pieces. It was from a great depth that the injured cable was raised. As the coils

[1] This incident is mentioned in Colonel Malleson's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, vol. i. p. 293.

were brought on deck, coated with mud from the bottom of the sea, something caught Jenkin's eye—some objects adhering to the cable. Closely looking, the fact began to dawn upon him that these were *living creatures.*

So it proved; and this incident is acknowledged to have been the means of definitely deciding, once for all, the important fact of highly organised creatures living at great depths—depths at which the knots in a beam of pine wood are made to project, under the tremendous pressure of the water. Parts of this cable, which had been lying under 1200 fathoms of water for many years, were found covered with animals that had fixed themselves at a very early stage of devolopment, and had there grown to maturity.[1] Some of these creatures were examined and described by Professor Allman of Edinburgh, others by Mr. Milne-Edwards of Paris.

One more incident, as remarkable as any of the rest, deserves to be recorded. It is not long since it came to the knowledge of the Club.

In Southern India, on the Malabar Coast, there has been for ages past a race of fierce and fanatical Mahomedans, Moplahs by name. They have been a long-standing source of trouble to our Government.

[1] See '*Challenger*' *Narrative*, Introduction, p. xlv.

Seeking martyrdom for the faith of Islam, sometimes, under the leadership of wildly fanatic Arab priests, they were a difficult and dangerous set to deal with. To put down a rising of these people, and disarm them, our class-fellow Alexander Strange, a Lieutenant in the 25th Borderers, was detached with a company of his regiment. The outbreak had caused a considerable sensation in India at the time, culminating as it did in the murder of Mr. Connally, the Magistrate of the District.

These Moplahs had repulsed and severely handled a detachment of native troops sent against them. The insurgents had taken up a position in front of the bazar of a populous native village. A volley of musketry and a charge is the approved method in such a case; but Strange knew of a better way. He was most unwilling to order his men to fire, seeing that had they done so there must have been loss of innocent life. Accordingly he drew up his company in front of the enemy's position. The Moplah leader stood facing them, flourishing his 'tulwar,' and inciting his followers, in the name of 'the Faith,' to the attack.

Strange, who was a powerful man, fully six feet in height, did not draw sword or pistol, but, leaving his men halted, walked up alone to where the leader of the Moplahs stood gesticulating, seized him by the

wrist, and, wrenching his sword from his hand, snapped it in two under his foot!

Then, even as the Trojan warriors shrank at the awe-inspiring voice of the unarmoured son of Peleus, so these wild beings, at the call of Strange to yield up their arms and surrender—did so!

Alexander Strange is remembered as a singularly quiet and reserved boy. And it will be readily believed these details were not related by himself. The incident is given as told by a brother officer of his. The narrative comes to us from the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where the brother of our class-fellow is doing a great work in the interests of military colonisation; thus he signs himself—'Thomas Bland Strange, Major-General R.A. retired; formerly of Pat. Macdougall's Class, Edinburgh Academy.'

There is a name that never fails to arrest attention at the Cumming Club. It is that of Andrew Wilson, the most quaint, unconventional, and wayward member of the Class, 'a haunter of strange nations, a dabbler in strange philosophies'—no one member of the Class, perhaps, approached nearer to genius than poor 'Skinny Wilson.' For many a year it was an invariable inquiry at every meeting of the Club—'What has been heard of Wilson?' It is one of the regrets of the fraternity that he never was present at one of their gatherings.

A tolerably full account of his strange and brilliant career may be found at the end of this book.

General Cockburn tells of a curious forgathering. He was on a shooting expedition in the higher ranges of the Himalayas, when a stranger came up to his camping ground, carried by bearers, evidently in a sickly state of health, still he was aiming to reach the higher regions of the *Abode of Snow*, and made inquiries as to routes. It was only after he had passed on his way that Cockburn learned from his servants that it was 'Wilson Sahib'—his school- and class- fellow.

It might be interesting, were there space, to tell of some of the changes and chances in life that have led to some of our number being discovered in view of the completion of these veracious Chronicles. How, for instance, the marriage of a young lady, as mentioned in the *Court Journal* last year, the third daughter of a gentleman of a not very common name, and the eight bridesmaids, and the three hundred guests, led to his identification as one of our class-fellows. Or again, how the announcement of a Baronetcy having been conferred on a gentleman of a surname we knew, led to the Mayor of Belfast being recognised as the long 'wanted' Edward Harland, remembered as the ingenious worker with a preternaturally sharp penknife; with which, by the way, he has cut out fame and fortune for himself. These and others all write in the same

cordial and hearty strain their recollections of the dear old master, of the old Academy days, and many named class-fellows, showing a singular and gratifying unanimity which long separation has not impaired. They will doubtless join with us in the sentiment expressed by an old Academician—

'If ony here has got an ear
He'd better tak' a haud o' me,
Or I'll begin wi' roarin' din
To cheer our old Academy;
Dear old Academy,—queer old Academy;
A merry lot we were, I wot,
When at the old Academy.'

THE MUSTER ROLL

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can till ither say,
'Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven
Qwilk sent this *Autumn* day.'

ALEXANDER HUME of Polwarth.

THE MUSTER ROLL

JOHN F. ANDERSON; son of Mr. George Anderson, who resided in the neighbourhood of Leith, attended the first four classes at the Academy. It is believed that he fell into bad health soon after he grew up, and that he lived for some time at Pau as an invalid, occupying himself with the duties of Librarian of the Presbyterian Church at that place; and it is understood that he died some considerable time ago.

OCTAVUS ANDERSON; son of Mr. William Anderson, Pilrig Street, Town Clerk of Leith in 1842, attended only the First Class at the Academy. His career seems to have been a short one. In the Register of Burials kept at Warriston Cemetery there is an entry showing that he died 'of fever,' on 22nd September 1856; further than this nothing is known.

PATRICK CHARLES ANDERSON; son of Major Alexander Anderson of Montrave, in the county of Forfar, attended the Fourth and Fifth Classes under Dr. Cumming. He was one of those who seemed destined, from family tradition, for the Indian Service. His father had gone out to India in 1810, a cadet for the Madras Engineers; and it is related that the

Astell, in which he sailed, with two other East Indiamen, were attacked off Mauritius by two French frigates; after a severe action the two Indiamen struck their colours, but the *Astell* was able to effect her escape, with heavy loss in killed and wounded. Anderson saw much service in the 'Mahratta War,' in Java, and elsewhere, and lived to send three of his sons to the East in the service of the Honourable East India Company.

Patrick, our class-fellow, after going through the usual course of two years at the Military College of Addiscombe, was appointed to the Bengal Artillery, his first commission being dated 9th December 1850; and passed the Staff examination in the Hindustani language.

He served as Second Lieutenant with his battery in the expedition which led to the annexation of Lower Burmah in 1852. He was present throughout the operations in the vicinity of Rangoon, and at the capture of that city, for which he received the India War Medal with clasp for 'Burmah.' Anderson was promoted to Lieutenant, 8th June 1856, and to the command of the Artillery of the Arracan Battalion in May 1857. Subsequently he served on the Regimental Staff as Adjutant and Quartermaster of a Battalion of Bengal Artillery.

Lieut.-Colonel Anderson died at sea on 15th February 1882, and was buried in the Indian Ocean.

Robert J. Barry; son of Mr. John Barry, a well-known citizen of Edinburgh, joined the Second, and remained till the Sixth Class. He settled in Edinburgh in commercial life, and with energy and determination has attained a con-

siderable share of success. Barry was an early member of the Cumming Club, having joined in the first year of its existence, and for several years was regular in his attendance at its gatherings.

Andrew Beatson Bell ; eldest son of Mr. John Beatson Bell, Writer to the Signet, was one of those who passed through the seven classes at the Academy. As Dux of the whole school he obtained the Gold Medal of the year 1847. Thence he proceeded to the University of Glasgow, where he studied for three years, taking the usual Arts classes ; and obtaining honours in those of Greek, Latin, and Logic.

In November 1851 he entered Edinburgh University, and for three sessions attended the Law classes ; gaining honours in Civil and Scots Law. He passed Advocate at the Scottish Bar, 4th March 1854 ; and in April 1865 was appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Fife at Dunfermline, whence he was transferred, in October 1869, to the Eastern Division of the County at Cupar.

On the new body, the 'Prison Commissioners for Scotland,' being constituted as a Department under the Home Office, for the management of all the Prisons of Scotland, Mr. Beatson Bell was, on 22nd April 1880, named a Commissioner, and also appointed by the Home Secretary to be Chairman of the Commissioners, one of whom was, for a time, Dr. John Hill Burton. On the passing of the Secretary for Scotland Act, 1885, the Commissioners, with Mr. Beatson Bell as their Chairman, were transferred from the control of the Home Secretary to that of the Secretary for Scotland, as a Department of the Scottish Office responsible for the

administration of the whole of Her Majesty's Prisons in Scotland.

Beatson Bell has had a lengthened service as an Officer of Volunteers. He joined the Advocates' Company, the first raised in Scotland, on its formation in 1859, and in the capacity of Sergeant was present at the great Review by Her Majesty in August 1860. He was appointed Lieutenant in the Corps 9th June 1864, but resigned his Commission on going to Fife. Again, he was commissioned as Captain in the 1st Fifeshire Rifle Volunteers in October 1865, and transferred in that rank to 2nd Fifeshire Rifle Volunteers (Cupar) in April 1870. Though he retired from service with the Auxiliary Forces in March 1880, he has been permitted to retain the rank of Captain.

Conjointly with Mr. Lamond, Advocate, Mr. Beatson Bell edited in 1868, and continued to date, the *Digest of Reports of Cases in the Scottish Courts*, 3 Volumes, 1886. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. From 1857 to 1862 Mr. Beatson Bell held the office of Secretary to the Academy, and from the latter date has been almost continuously a Director of the school. No one has been more faithful to the Cumming Club than he, from its foundation.

His three sons were educated at the Edinburgh Academy, and Mr. Nicholas Beatson Bell, his second son (a successful candidate in a recent examination for the Indian Civil Service) gained the Gold Medal as Dux of the school in 1885.

Thomas Dawson Brodie; eldest son of John Clerk Brodie, C.B., of Idvies, Co. Forfar, Deputy Keeper of the Signet, and Keeper of the Register of Sasines. Attended the

First to the Fifth Class at the Academy, both inclusive; after which he proceeded to Harrow, where he passed through the forms from the 'Middle Shell' to the 'Upper Fifth,' inclusive. Subsequently he returned to Edinburgh, and for two years attended University lectures in the Faculties of Arts and Law, till 1852, when he entered his father's office, in which he afterwards became—and continues to be—an active partner; now next in seniority to his father.

Mr. Brodie, who took the name of Dawson on his marriage to Miss Anne Dawson, eldest daughter of the late William Dawson of Gairdoch and Powfoulis, County Stirling, is the fourth Writer to the Signet in his family, in direct descent; and, having steadily adhered to the Whig politics of his house, has taken an active part in support of the Liberal Unionist policy under Lord Hartington's leadership.

The scanty leisure obtainable in the course of an active professional life has been divided among his favourite pursuits of literature and antiquities, in which, with the arts of painting and sculpture, he has taken an interest equal to that with which he has devoted himself to gardening and arboriculture, to farming, and above all, field sports and natural history.

Robert H. Broughton, only son of Major E. R. Broughton, of the Bengal Army, attended the First, Second, and Third Classes. From the Academy he went for a short time to the Edinburgh Institution; then to the University and the School of Arts; also to the Veterinary College, and attended Professor George Wilson's lectures on Chemistry, and, for two years, those of Professor Balfour on Botany. In the year 1856 Mr. Broughton purchased the estate of Row-

chester, near Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, where he is now resident; and in 1879 the small property of Hardacres, in the parish of Eccles, in the same county.

William Brown; son of Dr. Brown, was one of those who passed through the seven classes at the Academy. Afterwards he studied medicine at the Edinburgh University, taking the degree of M.D. He was appointed Staff Assistant-Surgeon, 18th February 1853; and was gazetted to the 13th Light Infantry on the 18th July following.

He landed with that regiment in the Crimea, 30th June 1855, and was present at the battle of the Tchernaya. Brown likewise did duty with his regiment throughout the siege operations, and was present at the fall of Sebastopol. The 13th Light Infantry were subsequently stationed in South Africa, and it is understood that Dr. Brown, who resigned his commission, 4th December 1857, settled in that country, and, we have reason to believe, died there.

For his war services he received the Crimean Medal with clasp for 'Sebastopol,' and the Turkish War Medal. He was probably entitled also to the Sardinian Medal, but it is not known if he received it.

Alexander A. Bruce, son of Major David Bruce, for many years a Commissariat Officer of the Indian Army, attended the Second and Third Classes at the Academy in 1842-44. Having received a commission in the Bengal Army, he went to India in 1846, and joined the 3rd Regiment Native Infantry, his Ensign's commission bearing date 15th August of that year. He passed an examination in the

Hindustani language while a subaltern, and subsequently his service was chiefly regimental until 1882, when he retired with the rank of Major-General, and settled in Edinburgh.

GEORGE BRUCE; described as son of Mr. George Bruce, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, appears to have been only a short time at the Academy in the First Class; nothing further has been learned regarding him.

JOHN HENRY BRYCE; only son of the Rev. James Bryce, Senior Chaplain of the Church of Scotland in India, and minister of St. Andrew's Church, Calcutta, entered the Second Class of the Academy, and continued through all the classes, including the Seventh. Thence he went to the Edinburgh University, with the intention of studying for the Indian Civil Service; but failing to obtain an appointment to that Service, nominations to which were at that time in the gift of the Directors of the Honourable East India Company, and to be obtained solely through interest, he received instead an appointment to the Company's Military Service, involving two years of study at their College at Addiscombe.

In preparation for this, he was for a short time at the Naval and Military Academy in Edinburgh. Bryce entered Addiscombe in 1850, and left in 1852, ninth in his term, and first in Artillery. He sailed for Calcutta in September of that year, his commission as Second Lieutenant of Artillery bearing date 12th June.

After serving for some years with his battery at Peshawur, Dher Ishmael Khan, and Meean Meer; and having passed an examination in the Hindustani language, he was

ordered, in 1857, to Lucknow, immediately before the outbreak of the Mutiny, and arrived there a few weeks before the commencement of the siege.

In the disastrous engagement at Chinhut, on the 30th June, when the garrison moved out to meet the rebels, Bryce and another Artillery officer, an old Academy friend, Lieutenant David Macfarlan (now Major-General) succeeded in saving their guns and in retiring in good order to the Residency; a service which gained for them much distinction.[1]

On the 16th July, while on duty at the Post Office Battery—a position which was soon after abandoned as being too dangerous to be longer held—Lieutenant Bryce was shot through the thigh. He was rapidly recovering from the effects of his wound, but still weak from it and from exposure, when, on the 7th of August he was attacked by cholera in its worst form, and died on the 8th of the same month.

His short but honourable career and good services are referred to in several of the works that have been published connected with the Indian Mutiny. In one of these, a book by Mrs. Harris,[2] wife of an English chaplain, who was in Lucknow during the siege, under date June 22d, 1857, the writer says—'James (her husband) took Mrs. B—— and me this evening to walk round the fortifications of the Post Office, which are very strong. Mr. Bryce, an old Peshawur friend, has the command there. He told us half his native gunners deserted last night. I wish they would all go, we should be much safer' (p. 64). Again, on the 8th August, she writes—'Poor Mr. Bryce had nearly recovered from his

[1] See *Hist. of the Sepoy War*, by Sir John Kaye.

[2] *A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow.*

wound. He was ill a very few hours; James was with him, but the poor fellow was in such extreme agony until the collapse came on, he could not speak or attend to anything' (p. 96).[1]

Our class-fellow had the reputation among those who knew him best of a 'brave and good soldier, and a consistent Christian.' The Rev. Mr. Harris, above mentioned, in writing of Bryce, styles him 'an excellent fellow *in every sense of the word.*'

He attained the rank of First Lieutenant very shortly before his death; and after the Mutiny the medal with clasp for 'Lucknow' to which he would have been entitled was sent to his father.

George James Holmes Burnes. His story is a narrative of a gallant young life cut off in the most cruel manner; his fate is one of the most melancholy incidents of the Indian Mutiny. He was the son of Dr. James Burnes, Physician-General in the Bombay Army, D.C.L., F.R.S., Knight of the Guelphic Order, etc., a man widely known, and of varied accomplishments.[2] His uncle, Sir Alexander Burnes, it will be remembered, was treacherously murdered in Afghanistan; his death was not so tragic as that of his nephew. George

[1] See also Rees' *Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow*, where the author speaks with regret of the death of 'Bryce, who saved and brought in our two guns from Chinhut.'

[2] Dr. Burnes' 'great-grandfather was a Town-Councillor of the burgh of Forfar, and was elder brother of William Burnes, the father of Scotland's immortal poet: and his grandfather was the relation to whom the unfortunate bard appealed for relief (not refused) when on his death-bed.'—*Memoir of Dr. James Burnes*, K.H., F.R.S. Edinburgh: Privately Printed, 1850.

Burnes, our class-fellow, joined the Academy in 1843, and remained till the end of the session of 1845, the Fourth Class. He was one of those for whom, with his family connections, it seemed that only one possible career was open. Accordingly in due course he became a Cadet for the Bombay Army; and was posted to the 1st Bombay European Fusiliers; his commission as Second Lieutenant bearing date 10th December 1847.

With that regiment he served in the Punjaub Campaign of 1848-49. He took part in the siege and capture of the Fort of Multan, and was present at the battle of Gujerat, and the defeat and surrender of the Sikh Army, for which he received the Punjaub War Medal and clasps.

On the organisation of new forces in Oude, after the annexation of the Province by Lord Dalhousie, Burnes was appointed to the 10th Regiment Oude Irregular Infantry, 11th February 1856. This corps was one of the first that figured in the Mutiny; they rebelled at Seetapore, and joined the 41st Native Infantry, stationed at that place, in their outbreak. Very few of the European residents escaped from their murderous hands. Amongst those who did escape from the great massacre were Sir Mountstuart Jackson, a young civilian, and his two sisters, Georgina and Madeline, children of Sir Keith Jackson.[1] The personal attractions and gentle manners of these young ladies have tended to give to their story even a deeper interest than the miserable incidents connected with it would have done.

In the confusion of the flight from Seetapore the sisters were separated, and Madeline Jackson alone went with her

[1] Kaye's *History of Sepoy War*, vol. iii. p. 482 *et seq.*

brother. They were joined by Lieutenant Burnes,[1] a 'young officer of great gallantry,' and by Sergeant-Major Morton, who had saved little Sophie Christian, daughter of Mr. Christian, Commissioner of the district, when her parents and a little infant were shot down by the insurgents. These made their way to Mythowlie, the estate of a 'friendly Rajah,' from whom they received but poor hospitality.

At first the chief, Loonee Sing, refused them admittance. Burnes, however, would not be denied, and ere the gate was closed pushed through, weak and weary though he was, and gained an entrance to plead the cause of his fellow-fugitives. A blow on the head covered him with blood, and in this plight Loonee Sing had compassion on him, and took him and his companions into the fort. In sore distress, and in want of everything, they were sent to herd in a wretched cowshed, and next day were sent off to the gloomy jungle fortress of Kutchianee. Here they were joined by another small party of fugitives from Seetapore, including Captain Orr and his wife.

From June till August they remained here in great distress. Then the Rajah, under pretence of a care for their safety, turned them out to wander in the jungle, having at the same time given information to their enemies; but the insurgents did not venture to attack them.

From 6th August to 25th October the party endured a life of torment in the wilderness, without cover for head or feet, scarcely any for their bodies, prostrated by jungle fever. A request for a scrap of cloth by one of the ladies was met with a blow that felled her to the ground.

[1] Kaye is in error in saying he was an officer of Artillery.

It was now determined to collect the fever-stricken party, and send them prisoners to Lucknow. At a village through which they passed, the male prisoners were put in chains. 'At this gross indignity the mind of poor Burnes received a shock from which it never recovered.' Sergeant Morton sank to the ground in a convulsive fit that threatened death. In the terrible march of six days 'nothing in the way of insult and privation was omitted that could enhance their agonies of body and mind.'[1] Orr carried his little daughter; Burnes carried the little Sophie Christian in his arms laden with chains, a ghastly procession. Mountstuart Jackson, reduced by fever, could barely crawl, and on entering his prison-house fell down in a swoon. The sufferings of the two poor gentlewomen cannot be conceived, and the crowning insult put upon them, gasping for water, cannot be recorded here; nor the abject misery endured by these gentle English ladies in their prison in the Kaiser Bagh. One comfort only came to them, from the Word of God. Round some native medicines sent to Mrs. Orr was wrapped part of a leaf from the Book of Isaiah, bearing to those in direst need of them, tenderest words of comfort.

16*th November* 1857.—A party of armed native soldiers enter the prison. They have been ordered to take the gentlemen away. Jackson, Burnes, Orr, and Morton take a solemn farewell of their fellow-sufferers. . . . A rattle of musketry is heard, and all is over. A few days after, and little Sophie Christian, deprived of her faithful guardian, and reduced to an extremity of weakness by disease, closing her beautiful blue eyes, as if in gentle sleep, faded away

[1] Orr's *Narrative*, quoted by Sir John Kaye.—*Hist.* iii. p. 487.

so that those about her scarcely knew the time of her deliverance.[1]

In a volume entitled *Memoirs of the House of Burnes*, 1877, by Dr. Charles Rogers, it is stated that Lieutenant Burnes, 'after a lengthened imprisonment, consequent on his efforts to save a child from the violence of the mutineers, was cruelly murdered at Lucknow.' It is probable that the facts as given by Sir John Kaye are more exact. It is added, 'In the vestibule of the Parish Church of Montrose there is a monumental tablet erected by his brother officers commemorative of Burnes' valour' (p. 26).

CHARLES CARRINGTON; eldest son of Mr. R. C. Carrington, a member of an old Devonshire family, who for many years managed the Duke of Athole's estates at Dunkeld, attended the Fourth Class. For two years he was employed in his father's office, and subsequently attended the Edinburgh University for three years. Afterwards, having gone to England, he went through the usual course of study at the Law, and was admitted a Solicitor in 1856. In 1859 he was appointed by Lord Campbell, then Lord Chancellor, one of the Principal Clerks in the Chancery Registrar's Department. In February 1882 Mr. Carrington was promoted to be one of the Registrars of the Supreme Court of Judicature, which office he still holds, and whence he writes with much kindly feeling of his School, and many of his class-fellows.

WILLIAM CLEPHANE; fourth and youngest son of Andrew Clephane, sometime Sheriff of Fifeshire, brother

[1] Orr's *Narrative*.

of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Douglas Clephane, late of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, and of Strathendry, Fifeshire; which estate was inherited through their mother, a Douglas of Strathendry; attended the first four classes under Mr. Cumming. He proceeded to the Military College at Addiscombe in 1847.

Having passed for the Artillery branch of the Service, he was sent to Bengal, his commission as Second Lieutenant being dated 8th June 1849. He passed the first examination in the Hindustani language; but his health failing, he returned to this country on leave. He was present at the annual gathering of the Cumming Club on 16th January 1854, and went back to duty in India in the winter of the following year, having been promoted to Lieutenant on 20th February. Clephane, after his return to India, was stationed in the Punjaub. He had no share in the painful scenes of the Indian Mutiny; at that time he was quartered with his battery in the Fort of Govindghur, near Amritser. He had lately returned from a long and fatiguing march in charge of guns and stores, when he was seized with cholera. Although Clephane was most carefully tended in the house of Mr. Cooper, the Magistrate of the district, and the disease had actually been overcome, the effects proved fatal. He died on the 1st September 1857.

The old and faded letters describing his last moments are before me; they narrate the circumstances of his peaceful end, and his last gentle and trustful words, perfectly in keeping with the remembrance his class-fellows have of their old friend, and with the description of him in his after years—'gentle, kindly, and lovable.'

Allan Brookley Cobbold; son of Mr. Cobbold, Broughton Park, a gentleman well known in Edinburgh, founder of the Zoological Gardens, which are now long since forgotten, and member of an old Suffolk family, that for half a century has given members of Parliament for Ipswich. Allan Cobbold attended the First, Second, and Third Classes. After leaving the Academy, he continued his studies in Edinburgh, and, with others of his class-fellows, was for some time a pupil of the late George Simpson, R.S.A.

'Left with enough to live on,' and suffering much from ill-health, Cobbold adopted no profession. He is a member of the Junior Carlton Club, now settled with his family at Sutton, in Surrey; with one regret—as he writes—namely, that the Cobbold who should have stood for Ipswich at the election of 1880, was unhappily too young; and holding many loving recollections of Scotland 'and the Academy.'

James Cochrane; youngest son of James Cochrane, head of a large firm of cotton yarn merchants in Glasgow and Manchester. He was of the family of Cochrane of Alderstone in Midlothian. James Cochrane joined the Third Class at the Academy, and remained till the Fifth, after which he studied with a tutor at his father's house of Auchendennan, on Loch Lomond, giving most of his time to acquire the German language, along with a course of Botany at Glasgow University, under the genial Professor Walker Arnot. Prior to going into his father's office, Cochrane was for three years in a shipping and mercantile house in Glasgow. A lengthened tour on the Continent of Europe

preceded his entry into the firm of 'J. and J. R. Cochrane and Company,' where the care of 20,000 spindles and 1,000 looms, with very extensive transactions with the ports of the Far East, fully occupied his mind. He made another sojourn in Spain and the South of Europe, of some length, partly on account of health; and it may perhaps be permitted to mention that Cochrane, on his return home, married a sister of our much-loved class-fellow, William Clephane. For some time they resided at Pollok Castle, in Renfrewshire, and ultimately settled at Avondale, near Polmont, his present abode. No one is more regular in his attendance at the Club meetings than James Cochrane.

Henry Alexander Cockburn; son of John Cockburn, and grandson of Baron Cockburn of Cockpen, attended the First Class at the Academy, after leaving which he went to the Grange School, near Sunderland, afterwards to the Military Academy, Edinburgh. In 1849 he joined the Honourable East India Company's Military College at Addiscombe, where he passed for the Artillery, but preferred an Infantry commission as more likely to be a stepping-stone to service with a Cavalry regiment. In October 1851 he was posted to the 53rd Bengal Native Infantry, then at Delhi; and within six months passed in Hindustani with such 'great credit' as elicited commendation in a letter from His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India. In 1854 Cockburn attained his wish, being transferred to the 1st Regiment of Cavalry in the Gwalior (or Scindiah's) Force.

On the night of the 11th May 1857, within two hours of the receipt at Morar of the news of the outbreak of the

Mutiny at Meerut, Cockburn and a detachment marched out and reached Agra, a distance of eighty miles, by the night of the 13th. From thence the regiment—Surgeon, now Sir Alexander, Christison[1] being in medical charge—by another rapid march reached Alighur on the night of the 20th,[2] during which the 9th Native Infantry mutinied. All the cavalry could do, in the dark, was to protect the officers, Civil and Military, and their families, and escort them to a place of safety.

The next six weeks were spent by Cockburn in keeping open communications between Delhi and Agra, in helping the families of Indigo planters, and harassing the rebels, for which he received on four occasions the thanks of Government. Ultimately his regiment also joined in the rebellion, and on the 3rd of July the officers were forced to leave them and ride to Agra, escorted to within sight of the British pickets *by a squadron of the mutineers!*

Captain Cockburn now joined as a Volunteer a Battery of Field Artillery, and was very severely hurt in an engagement in which our force lost twenty-five per cent. in killed and wounded. Though but partially recovered of his wound, he took part in the repulse of a strong body of mutineers advancing to attack Agra. Afterwards he assisted in raising a regiment of cavalry, which, known as Meade's Horse—now Central India Horse—with Cockburn as second in command, did excellent service under Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) in Central India. Succeeding to the command of his regiment in June 1859, he was at the same time

[1] At one time a pupil of Dr. Cumming at the Academy.

[2] See Malleson's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, vol. i. p. 293.

placed in command of a Field Force, embracing all arms of the Service, and including two hundred British infantry, with which he acted against the rebels still holding out in the Gwalior jungles.

Much might be written of Cockburn's adventures[1] in the year '57, and his hair-breadth escapes, as described in the despatches written by his superior officers. How, for example, on one occasion, he dismounted some of his troopers, stormed a village, captured the fort with its two brass guns and other arms, and in doing so had a bullet through his helmet, his sword shot out of his hand, and his horse wounded. On five occasions his services were noticed in despatches; on one occasion his horse was killed under him, and on four, the horse he was riding was wounded. He has received the Indian Mutiny Medal and Clasp for 'Central India.'

In 1867 Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn was transferred to the Military Finance Department, under the Government of India. He was promoted to Major-General in October 1882, after his return to this country, and to Lieutenant-General in January 1887. He is now settled at Pinkieburn House, Inveresk.

John de la Condamine; eldest son of Mr. R. C. de la Condamine, of the island of Guernsey, who in the early part of the century settled in Edinburgh as a Wine Merchant, and was head of a very widely-known firm in Leith. After six years passed at the Academy, John de la Condamine joined

[1] The incident mentioned at page 121 has been introduced in a novel by James Grant, entitled, *First Love and Last Love.*

his father's firm, which he ultimately conducted, and remained at Leith till 1881, when he removed to London. Mr. de la Condamine was one of the first members of the Club, and until he left Edinburgh a constant attendant at its meetings.

Charles Neaves Cornillon; second son of Mr. Hypolite Cornillon, Queen Street, Edinburgh, passed through six classes under Mr. Cumming; afterwards studied at the Edinburgh University, and was for a short time in the office of the Colonial Assurance Company. He went out to friends in Melbourne, after which he proceeded to Queensland, and died at Taroona on 24th January 1871. He was one of the first members of the Club.

James Thomas Craster; son of Lieutenant-Colonel Craster, attended the Third Class; afterwards studied at the Military Academy, Edinburgh. From thence he joined the 38th (First Staffordshire) Regiment, his commission as Ensign bearing the date 19th September 1848. The whole of his military service has been in this corps; with it he proceeded to the Crimea, and served throughout the Eastern Campaign of 1854. Lieutenant Craster was present at the battles of the Alma and Inkermann, and took part in the Siege of Sebastopol. He was promoted to Captain 22nd December 1854. He received the Crimean Medal with Clasps for 'Alma,' 'Inkermann,' and 'Sebastopol,' also the Turkish Crimean Medal. Subsequently Captain Craster accompanied his regiment to India, and with it assisted in the suppression of the Mutiny 1857-59. He was present at the battle of Cawnpore and at the capture of Meeangunge,

for which services he received the Indian Mutiny Medal, with clasp for 'Lucknow.' Having been promoted to Lieut.-Colonel unattached he retired from the Service 31st January 1872. Lieut.-Colonel Craster has been for several years settled at Dinan, in Normandy. It was thought Craster might have had passages in his military life worth telling, but he writes—'I have no interesting circumstances about myself whatever to retail. I was only a Captain, and, as you know, only had to do what I was told.'

ANDREW CUTHBERTSON; only son of Mr. Andrew Gray Cuthbertson, Merchant, 55 Constitution Street, Leith, long resident at the old mansion of Pencaitland burnt down not long ago, attended the Second to Fifth Classes. While in the Rector's hands he showed himself strong in Greek verse. After leaving the Academy, following his natural fondness for languages, he applied himself with much success to the study of French, etc., which afterwards proved of great service to him in his foreign business correspondence. For some years he was employed in the Edinburgh Life Insurance Office, before becoming a partner in his father's firm. Natural history was his hobby; and, a keen sportsman, before his early death, had made a good collection, chiefly the product of his own rod and gun. In 1863 he unfortunately met with an accident while golfing, which was the beginning of a long course of very severe illness, sustained with the utmost cheerfulness and resignation. Gradually ebbing strength and much suffering he 'bore like a man; and was ready and willing to go.' He died 18th June 1864. Cuthbertson was one of the founders of the Club.

Thomas Blackhall Denham; eldest son of Mr. George Denham, Assistant Clerk of Session, was for one year at the Academy in the Second Class. Thence he went to the High School to be under Mr. Gunn, his former teacher, who had been in the meantime appointed a master at the High School. Subsequently he was for some time in the office of Messrs. Morton, Whitehead, and Greig, Writers to the Signet, and assisted his father in his work at the Court of Session and Register House.

As he did not like the legal profession an appointment as Cadet in the Mounted Police Force at Victoria was obtained for him through the influence of Lord Macaulay, then Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay. This was at the time of the gold-digging rage in Australia. Shortly after joining the force, while escorting two bush-rangers from Ballarat he was shot by one of them from behind, the ball passing to the lower part of the abdomen.

Denham's life was in great danger, but he recovered so far as to return to this country invalided. It was the opinion of the best military surgeons that no attempt should be made to extract the ball, and it remains, causing little inconvenience. He was, however, unable to resume his duties with the Mounted Police, and ultimately engaged in mercantile pursuits; and is now settled in Melbourne.

John Dickson; younger of Hartree and Kilbucho, eldest son of David Dickson of Hartree and Kilbucho, Advocate, attended the First to Fourth Classes; afterwards was a student at the Edinburgh University, and a member of the Speculative Society. John Dickson excelled in almost all athletic

and field sports, and was a skilful and spirited draughtsman. He served for some time in the 2nd Lanark Militia, and held the rank of Captain in that corps. He died at Clifton in 1862, predeceasing his father, to whom his next brother, Professor Alexander Dickson, who holds the Chair of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, succeeded in 1866.

Harry Howard Dickson Dods; younger son of Colonel Dods, came to the Academy after having been for one session at the High School.[1] He was in Mr. Cumming's Second, Third, and Fourth Classes. Ultimately, it is understood, he went to Australia. His career seems to have been a very short one. There is among the papers of the Club a letter written by our class-fellow, John Graham, dated, 'Mirimichi, 23rd July 1850,' in which he refers to the intelligence that had reached him of the 'melancholy fate of poor Harry Dods.'

What that fate was cannot now be ascertained. Harry Dods is remembered for his great strength and stolid power of endurance.

William Donald; eldest son of Mr. Alexander Donald, Writer to the Signet, was in six classes at the Academy, 1841-46, subsequently at the Edinburgh University. After having been for two years in a law office, he was apprenticed for five years to a Chartered Accountant in Edinburgh. In October 1856, Donald was appointed an assistant in the Madras Branch of the Agra and United

[1] See *History of Dr. Boyd's Fourth High School Class*, by James Colston. Edinburgh: Privately Printed, 1862, p. 81.

Service Bank, where he remained till 22nd May 1859, when he entered the service of the Indian Government. In May 1861 he was employed in the Civil Pay Department at Madras, and for a short time at Bombay, and has ever since been connected in various capacities with the Financial Department of the Government of India. In 1870 Mr. Donald passed an examination in the Tamil language. He is at present Deputy Accountant-General at Madras.

Mr. Donald has compiled a *Manual of the Rules and Regulations for the use of Junior Members of the Madras Civil Service*, which was 'published by authority,' in 1870.

While on furlough to this country, Donald has on one or two occasions been present at meetings of the Cumming Club, of which he was one of the early Secretaries, and has ever taken a warm interest in its affairs.

William Scott Drever; son of Colonel David Drever, was in the First and Second Classes at the Academy. Very early, 11th June 1847, he joined the Madras Army, in which his father had served. He was appointed to the 31st Regiment Native Light Infantry, and became Lieutenant 10th July 1850. In 1856-57 he was employed in suppressing an insurrection in the Parlah Kimedy district; also in 1859, in North Canara, in conducting operations for the quelling of an armed insurrection in that district. In these expeditions, which were quite successful, Lieutenant Drever was on several occasions engaged in personal encounters with the rebels. For his services he received the Indian Mutiny Medal.

Subsequently Lieutenant Drever was appointed to the

Military Police Force of the Madras Presidency, and was promoted to Captain in 1861. After serving in several grades he became Commissioner of Police, and had the reputation of being an officer of great firmness, who 'expected his subordinates to do their duty with fearless courage and honesty.'

On the occasion of the disastrous cyclone on the Madras coast in May 1872, Colonel Drever was indefatigable in his exertions on the beach.

Again, during the famine of 1878, he so distinguished himself that, by command of the Queen, the Companionship of the Order of the Star of India was given him. This honour was conferred on him on 25th May 1878, at which time he was the only military officer in the Madras Presidency on whom the Order had been bestowed.

At a Durbar held by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, Governor of Madras, on 1st January 1879, his Grace, in presenting to Colonel Drever the Insignia of the Order of the Star of India, thus addressed him:—

'Colonel William Scott Drever,—You have served through a long career in this Presidency—I think during thirty years; and during a great portion of that time your services have been under the Civil Government in the Department of Police. My stay in India as a Governor has not been long enough to have enabled me to watch an officer of your standing through your whole career, but during the time I have been in India I have seen enough of you to know that in presenting these Insignia, I am presenting a reward to an officer which has been richly deserved—to an officer whose conduct through a most difficult period is sufficient to evidence that he has acted not only for the good of the people, but for the good of the town of which he has had charge.'

Not the least striking circumstance of this occasion was the enthusiastic manner in which the honour done to Colonel Drever was received by his subordinates, both British and Native.

Colonel Drever acted for some time as Inspector-General of Police.

He was President of the Government Workhouse, and a Municipal Commissioner at Madras, where he died in 1880. His remains were laid with military honours in the Cemetery of St. George's Cathedral, our class-fellow William Donald being one of the pall-bearers.

The Club is indebted to Mr. Donald for a large photographic view of a drinking-fountain of very chaste and beautiful Moorish design erected by the European subordinates of the Police Force to the memory of Colonel Drever, at the junction of five roads, near the Office of the Police Commissioner at Madras.

DAVID DUNCAN; son of Mr. William Duncan, Minto Street, attended one session at the Academy 1843-44. He became a farmer, and resided for some time at Monckton House, near Musselburgh. Mr. Duncan was a member of the Club till December 1865, and died some years ago.

HENRY DUNCAN; son of Mr. Thomas Duncan, proprietor of extensive estates in Grenada, in the West Indies, well known in a former generation as 'Mr. Duncan of Grenada.' He attended the First to Seventh Classes at the Academy; afterwards, he was for eight years at the Edinburgh University, where he took the prize for Greek

Composition, the highest premium for Greek given by the University. Having completed the usual course of study for the Church, Mr. Duncan was ordained minister of the Church of Scotland, and appointed to the parish of Ettrick, Selkirkshire, in 1858. From thence he was transferred to the parish of Crichton, in the county of Mid-Lothian.

Besides numerous contributions to magazines, Mr. Duncan is author of a work entitled *Christian Training*, published in 1868, the perusal of which gave great pleasure to Dr. Cumming. Likewise, he edited *Bible Hours*, 1865, and *Under the Shadow*, two well-known works from the pen of Mary B. M. Kinnear, Mr. Duncan's first wife. The Rev. Henry Duncan is still an active and laborious minister in the parish of Crichton; he likewise holds the office of Chaplain to the Cumming Club; is much interested in the cause of Temperance; and one of the most regular of attendants at the meetings of the Club.

William Butler Duncan; eldest son of Alexander Duncan, formerly of Providence, Rhode Island, and now of 7 Princes Gate, London, originally of Forfarshire; attended the Fourth and Fifth Classes. After leaving the Academy he attended lectures at the Edinburgh University; afterwards studied at the Sorbonne at Paris; and subsequently graduated at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, in 1849.

William Butler Duncan is President of the Mobile and Ohio Railway, and is well known in the Western States of America as a prominent citizen of New York, where he is now resident.

ALEXANDER ELGIN; son of Mr. William Elgin, Norton Place, was for one session in the Sixth Class: after being for some time in business in the West Indies settled in London, and is connected with a firm in the City.

HENRY NAPIER BRUCE ERSKINE; is the youngest son of Mr. William Erskine of Blackburn House, Linlithgowshire (one of the same branch of the Erskines as the Linlathen family), author of a *History of India under the two first Sovereigns of the House of Taimur, Baber and Humayan*, and translator of the *Memoirs of the Emperor Baber*. Mrs. Erskine, his mother, was a daughter of Sir James Mackintosh. He attended the Academy during two sessions in the years 1841-43; after which he went to the Grange School at Sunderland, in 1844. Subsequently he studied with tutors for the Indian Civil Service, and entered the East India Company's College of Haileybury in January 1851; leaving, with mention as 'highly distinguished,' in 1853.

Mr. Erskine spent some time on the Continent and in Egypt on his way to Bombay, which he reached on 23rd September 1853. For a few years—that is, till the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857—his life was passed in the quiet routine of an Indian Civilian's duties. In that year he held an appointment at Belgaum in the Southern Marathi Country, where much disaffection was known to exist, principally amongst the Chiefs; and Erskine was appointed to act as Special Commissioner with the Field Force acting against the Phond Sawants, a Marathi family of note, and others in arms in opposition to our Government.

Throughout the operations at that time, Mr. Erskine's

duty was either, as Commissioner, to move about with the troops in the disturbed districts, in the endeavour to keep things quiet, or to disarm the people when they were seriously suspected; at other times, accompanied by a small escort, to move from place to place with the view of maintaining order, or to watch the conduct of the rebels. In such work he was of necessity frequently under fire, and had some very narrow escapes at the hands of the insurgents.

His powers as Special Commissioner at this juncture were very great. He was authorised to award death sentences, which were carried out at once. But it has always been a source of satisfaction to him to know that such convictions were only in cases where the accused were proved to have taken part in *murders*, or were taken red-handed in crime. The only exception to this was in the case of a Desai, or petty chief, who was proved to be the instigator of a serious rising, though he did not openly join it. The culprit was hanged, but his tools were let go—a course which some thought an error on the side of leniency, but the result, as regards the people, whose character was fully understood, was quite satisfactory.

An interesting narrative might be written of the stirring events of this period in which Henry Erskine bore an important part. How, for instance, one Southern Marathi noble, the Chief of Nurgoond, who treacherously murdered the Political Agent, Mr. Charles Manson; and another, the Chief of Jamboti, a suspect, had to be surprised and carried off prisoners in the night, to be detained at Belgaum.

Letters were intercepted showing that the Native troops were in communication with others in open mutiny who had

murdered their officers; some of these, convicted of treason, were blown from guns as an example. So correct was Mr. Erskine's estimate of native character, and so well did he understand the theory of dealing sharply with the leaders of rebellion and leniently with their followers, that, when the time arrived at which a Native Militia was needed to accompany and assist the Commissioner in guarding certain passes in the Western Ghats, three or four times the number required could have been enlisted. For his services at this most trying time Mr. Erskine received the special thanks of Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay.

In quieter times Henry Erskine was deputed to introduce the Income Tax into the Belgaum District, on the completion of which duty he was moved, in 1861-2, to Ahmednugger and Sinde. When he left on three years' furlough to England, in 1864, he was Collector and Magistrate of Kurrachee.

In 1877 he was Commissioner of the Northern Division of the Bombay Presidency; and in 1879 accepted the important office of Commissioner in Sinde, which he till very recently held. In 1882 he received the flattering offer of a seat in the Council of Bombay, but his state of health forbade his acceptance of it. Mr. Erskine, who has held some of the highest and best appointments in his Presidency, has on more than one occasion received the thanks of the Secretary of State, and of the Government of India; and his conspicuous services have been the subject of many complimentary Resolutions of the Government of Bombay.

On the 15th February 1887, on the eve of his leaving Sinde, Mr. Erskine had the honour conferred on him of the Companionship of the Order of the Star of India.

William Ewart; eldest son of John Ewart, M.D., of the family of Ewart of Mulloch in Dumfriesshire, was at the Academy for one year, in the Third Class. His father had property in the island of Jamaica, and after leaving the school he went to join his father there.

A year or two afterwards, perhaps about 1850, it appears that Ewart met his death from fever, caused by his having been swept down a river in high flood, which he was endeavouring to cross on horseback. He was a long time in the water, and although he escaped drowning, the long immersion and exposure brought on the fever which cut him off. These particulars have been furnished by Mr. John Scott of Greenock, a cousin of William Ewart's.

Alexander Fergusson; younger, and only surviving, son of Staff-Surgeon William Fergusson, Governor and Captain-General of the Colony of Sierra Leone and its Dependencies, attended the first five classes at the Academy.

Afterwards he attended classes in Edinburgh, military and others, in preparation for the army, having been given a direct cadetship in the Honourable East India Company's Service by the President of the Board of Control, in recognition of his father's services; his commission as Ensign in the Bombay Army bears date, 10th August 1847.

He was posted to the 2nd Bombay European Light Infantry, which became the 106th Foot, or 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry, on its transfer to Her Majesty's Service. The regiment formed part of the Expeditionary Force which proceeded to the Persian Gulf in the war with Persia in 1856-57, and landed at Ras Hallila. The right

flank company, which Lieutenant Fergusson commanded, formed part of the Advanced Guard, and with it he took part in the assault and capture of the Fort of Reshire, on the 9th December 1856 (mentioned at page 118), and, on the following day, the capture of the town and port of Bushire. Subsequently he accompanied the force under Sir James Outram, which, on the 3rd February 1857, proceeded inland, and, after a forced march, captured the town of Burazjoon and the intrenched camp of the Persian army, with the entire magazines and stores.

The night of February 7th, in which the camp was left,[1] the force was attacked by the Persian troops, under the Commander-in-Chief, Sujah-ul-Moolk; and the following day the battle of Kush-âb was fought—an affair chiefly of cavalry and artillery—in which the Shah's army was defeated, with great loss of men and a few guns.

Lieutenant Fergusson received the Indian War Medal with clasp for 'Persia.'

In June 1857 Fergusson's regiment fortunately returned to Sinde; at the moment of landing at Kurrachee, after three weeks at sea, the news was received of the outbreak of the Mutiny.

In September he was detached in command of a small party of fifty-six men, chiefly of the 1st Bombay, now Royal Dublin Fusiliers, with orders to proceed by steamer, with flat in tow, up the river Indus to Upper Sinde, and afford

[1] On evacuating the camp by night, the mass of captured ammunition of the Persian army, estimated at 36,000 pounds weight, was blown up with a shell from a Jacob's rifle.—See *Outram and Havelock's Persian Campaign*, by Captain G. Hunt, 78th Highlanders. London, 1857.

assistance to the station of Shikarpore. The instructions were, if found necessary, to occupy the island of Bukkur in the Indus, as a refuge for the European residents, with what guns and treasure could be saved. He arrived at Sukkur on 21st September, where he received charge of Duria Khan, a Belooch chief seized by Sir William Mereweather, commanding on the Sinde Frontier. A rescue was threatened, but the prisoner was safely got off on board the steamer. The same night the Native Artillery at Shikarpore, twenty-four miles distant, broke out and seized the guns. Fergusson, with his detachment, was able to reach the station in time to be of use to the residents. His party was some weeks afterwards relieved by a detachment under his class-fellow Captain James Paton, of the 4th King's Own.

With his regiment he proceeded, in November, to Belgaum in the Southern Marathi Country, at the juncture mentioned in the sketch of Mr. Erskine (p. 156); and in February 1858 took part in the pursuit, on the borders of the Nizam's country, of the Rajah of Shorapore, the pupil of Colonel Meadows Taylor, who had rebelled.[1]

Returning home on sick leave, Lieutenant Fergusson studied at the School of Musketry, Hythe, and received a first-class certificate. He passed an examination in the Hindustani language at Bombay in 1862, and was subsequently employed on the Staff of the Army at various stations. As Captain he served at Aden, holding the office of Brigade Major. After promotion to Major in the Staff Corps, he returned to this country; and retired from the Service, 17th November 1869, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

[1] See *Story of my Life*, by Colonel Meadows Taylor, vol. ii. p. 263.

Since his retirement Lieutenant-Colonel Fergusson has given some attention to literary pursuits. In 1882 he produced *Life of the Honourable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland*, the subject of the work being his wife's great-grandfather; and in 1884 *Letters and Journals of Mrs. Calderwood of Polton*, 1756. Both works were speedily out of print. More recently, 1886, *The Laird of Lag*, a Life Sketch of Sir Robert Grierson, has been published.

Colonel Fergusson has been for some years an occasional contributor to the *Athenæum* and other such journals, usually writing on subjects connected with old Scots literature or history. He took interest in the formation of the Scottish Text Society, of which he has been a Vice-President from the foundation. His two sons are at the Academy.

Alexander Flint; few of the Class will be better remembered than he, under the familiar name of the 'King of Bashan.' He was son of Mr. Alexander Flint who, after having been many years in the Island of Trinidad in the West Indies, returned to this country and bought lands in the parish of Ford. Flint attended the Third and Fourth Classes at the Academy. Afterwards he studied farming in the neighbourhood of Kinross. Having purchased the estate of Broadchapel, near Lochmaben, he settled there, devoting himself to the cultivation of his own land. Notwithstanding his ponderous frame and great strength Flint died very young, about the year 1856, before he could assume the office of Justice of the Peace, which it was in contemplation to confer on him.

James Arthur Forbes; seventh son of Mr. George Forbes, West Coates House, Edinburgh, and grandson of Sir William Forbes, Bart. of Pitsligo, attended First and Second Classes at the Academy. From the Academy he went to the Grange School (Dr. Cowan's) at Sunderland, where he remained till his appointment as Naval Cadet of H.M.S. *Queen*, 110 guns, under command of Sir Henry Leeke, K.C.B. Afterwards he was appointed to H.M.S. *Thetis*, 36 gun frigate, and in her was employed on the coast of Portugal, at the Azores, and in the Mediterranean until June 1850, when he paid off in her as Midshipman. He next served in H.M.S. *Salamander*, 6 guns, on the East India and China Station, and was present at the capture of Martaban and Rangoon, in the Burmese War of 1852. He was likewise, at this time, engaged in the suppression of piracy in the Chinese seas.

Having passed in England the examination for Lieutenant's rank, 1853, in January 1854 he was appointed to H.M.S. *Cressy*, 81, and proceeded to the Baltic during the Russian War; assisted at the blockade of Cronstadt and the other Baltic ports, till they were frozen up; when he returned home in Admiral Sir Charles Napier's flag-ship, the *Duke of Wellington*, 131, to which he had been transferred. Forbes went again to the Baltic in the spring of 1855. After promotion to Lieutenant, he was sent to H.M.S. *Cressy*, and with that vessel was employed in all the blockading operations in the Baltic till the close of the war.

From 1858 till autumn of 1862 he was employed in the Mediterranean, and in conveying troops in the West Indies, and on the West Coast of Africa. In 1863, after serving on

board the flag-ship of Sir Baldwin Walker, K.C.B., and having been transferred as First Lieutenant to H.M.S. *Orestes*, 21 guns, Forbes was employed on the East Coast of Africa in the suppression of the slave-trade, with considerable success. While employed in this duty Lieutenant Forbes conveyed from the Cape the Oxford and Cambridge University Mission under Bishop Tozer, and landed them at the mouth of the Zambesi River; and in the following year took them off again to Zanzibar. Also it was his good fortune, in February 1864, to assist Dr. Livingstone by taking him from the Congone mouth of the Zambesi, towing his river steamer up to Mozambique.

After having served for a short time as First Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Trafalgar* at Queensferry, he was promoted to the rank of Commander, June 6th, 1866. In October 1870 Forbes was appointed Inspecting Commander of Coast Guard at Berwick-on-Tweed, which post he held till September 1873, when he retired from active service. Soon after his retirement he was nominated Commodore of the Forth Yacht Club, and has been made a Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Berwick-on-Tweed, near which place he is now settled, and in 1883 was elected Sheriff. After fifteen years in the rank of Commander he was promoted to the list of retired Captains in 1881.

Captain Forbes has received the Indian War Medal, with Clasp for 'Pegu'; and the Baltic Medal.

JOHN FRASER; youngest son of Mr. John Fraser, Provost

[1] See *Personal Life of David Livingstone*, by the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., 1880, p. 325, where the terrific cyclone experienced by these vessels is described.

of Inverness, was educated privately till he joined the Fifth Class at the Academy, in the session of 1845-46. Thence he proceeded to King's College and University, Aberdeen; and there graduated with honours as M.A. in 1850. He then took a full course of theological study in connection with the Free Church of Scotland. But on the eve of receiving licence as a preacher 'zeal for the evangelisation of the world made him shrink from official connection with any one branch of the Christian Church.' He became therefore an Evangelist at large. He acquired the power of speaking the Gaelic, Welsh, French, Italian, German, Arabic, and Persian languages.

After having had much success in his labours, chiefly in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, he worked for some time in Egypt. Thence Fraser went to Beyrout, where he taught Mathematics and Astronomy in the Armenian College; improving his knowledge of Arabic, and preaching in the villages of Lebanon. Fraser then crossed from Aleppo to Baghdad. There, and in the regions round about, he preached and distributed Bibles, etc. After a serious illness, he rode with a Medical Inspector to the borders of Persia, in which country he hoped to find an opening for Mission work, but he was struck down by the sun, and lived only half an hour, and was buried at Shirween, on 29th July 1871.

John Fraser is described as an 'intense student of the Bible in the original languages;' and there are not wanting evidences of the good that he was instrumental in doing during his short but scattered life—scattered but not wasted.

We are indebted for these details to Fraser's brother, the Rev. William Fraser, minister of the Presbyterian Church of

England, Brighton. The Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., Presbyterian Church of England, Marylebone, is an elder brother.

Very recently certain Christian workers in Cairo, Jerusalem, and Beyrout have spoken in warm and grateful terms of Fraser's usefulness; and a handsome Arabic Hymnal, with music, lately published at Beyrout, has been characterised as 'a fruit of his enthusiastic and practical stimulus to hallowed song' in Syria.

Some of those who knew and loved John Fraser have, it is understood, offered to contribute, and collect facts if one of his brothers would undertake to write his 'Life;' but they have thought they were best fulfilling his wishes by continuing to leave him—like his tomb on the border of Persia—without an inscription.

The last appearance of John Fraser at the Cumming Club was in January 1854.

John Holmes Houston Gammell is son of Captain Gammell of Ardiffery, Aberdeenshire (late of 92nd Highlanders, who has attained the good old age of ninety years and more), and youngest of four brothers, all at the Academy. John Gammell passed through the first five classes with Mr. Cumming. He was gazetted Ensign of the 76th Regiment, 15th October 1847, and with that corps served in the Ionian Islands and Malta. Subsequently he was promoted to Lieutenant in the 22nd Cheshire Regiment, 17th December 1852. With this regiment Gammell served on the North-West Frontier of India, and in the campaign of 1854 against the Mohmunds, for which he received the India War Medal with Clasp. He became Captain in the 63rd Regiment, 9th November

1855; in March 1856 was transferred to the 9th Foot, and for four years was again stationed in the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Gibraltar; and in South Africa in 1865. He was gazetted Major in the 54th Regiment, July 1871; and was again for five years in the East Indies. He became Lieutenant-Colonel by Brevet, 1st October 1877, and retired as Honorary Colonel on 31st of the same month.

Recently Colonel Gammell has inherited from his uncle the estates of Lethendy in Perthshire, and Whitehill in Forfarshire. His headquarters are the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall. After all these wanderings Gammell was in June 1886 welcomed back to the Club, where, as already stated, he had not been seen since the meeting of 8th January 1853.

James Rollings Gordon is eldest and only living son of Mr. James Gordon of Auchendolly in the parish of Crossmichael, Kirkcudbrightshire. Our class-fellow is representative of this branch of the Gordon family, and a cadet of the house of Kenmure. He was in the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Classes. Leaving the Academy in 1846, he went to the Military College of Addiscombe, from which he entered the Indian Army, and was appointed to the 15th Madras Native Infantry, 13th June 1851. With that corps he served till 30th July 1862, when he was transferred, in the rank of Captain, to the 3rd Madras European Regiment, afterwards called the 108th Foot when transferred to the Queen's Army, and now known as the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. He retired from the Service, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, 21st July 1877.

JOHN GRAHAM; eldest son of Mr. Patrick Graham, Writer to the Signet, attended the first five classes at the Academy; afterwards he was for a year or two at a school in or near London. Subsequently he went out to his uncle's house—Pollok, Gilmore & Company—in Miramichi, Canada; thence—always in connection with the same house—to St. John's, to New Orleans, and lastly to Mobile, in the United States, where he died on the 11th November 1859, aged twenty-seven. We are indebted for these details to his brother, Mr. Thomas Graham.

John Graham's letter, dated Miramichi, 23rd July 1850, has been already mentioned; in it—with the expression of much good feeling—he trusts that correspondence between himself and the recently formed Club may not be relinquished.

HUGH GRAY; son of Mr. John Gray, merchant, Greenock, passed through the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Classes, proceeding thence to Glasgow University, where he studied during two sessions. After having learned the details of business in a counting-house in Glasgow, Mr. Gray went into business with his father, and remained in it till 1875. Through circumstances he has seen much of foreign parts. When about the age of twenty, his strength broke down, and, 'for a number of years thereafter, his time was principally spent in travelling about in search of health.' Happily, to some extent he has found it. For a considerable time his travels were prosecuted in company with our class-fellow, Andrew Watson of Torsonce; but he is of opinion that any details of his wanderings would not enhance the value of the Club records. An original member, he has been

constant in his attendance at the annual gatherings. Mr. Gray is now settled at Moorlands, Helensburgh.

Lewis Borthwick Greig; fourth son of Mr. James Greig of Eccles, Berwickshire, Writer to the Signet, was in the first four classes. He afterwards spent some time in the office of Brown, Shipley & Co. in Liverpool. Subsequently he went to America, and settled in St. Paul's, Minnesota, where he was a merchant and brewer. Ultimately he went to San Francisco as a merchant. At Liverpool Greig was well known as one of the best cricketers of the district, and for his zeal, spirit, and activity—qualities which stood him in good stead in the West. On one occasion, for example, it is related that, at St. Paul's, Minnesota, he and other settlers were attacked by the Indians in greatly superior force; but ultimately—after a most desperate fight—the Indians were driven off. In this encounter Lewis Greig is said to have 'greatly distinguished himself' by his coolness and pluck.

Mr. Greig, after a highly honourable career, died at San Francisco, 3rd March 1872. His only son resides with his relatives in Scotland.

Thomas Wright Hall; son of Mr. W. W. Hall, Werter, Comely Bank (an old farm-house now long since swept away, which stood near the site of the West lodge of Fettes College), passed through the first five classes; afterwards studied medicine at the Edinburgh University. He has been for many years in practice in Brazil, and has a wide reputation as a physician. Dr. Hall was one of the earliest members of the Club, and while on a visit to this country

was present, and presided, at the annual dinner, 10th January 1873.

Sir Edward J. Harland, Bart.; 'the sixth of a family of eight.' His father, Dr. Harland, a graduate of Edinburgh University, practised in Scarborough until nearly the period of his death, in 1866. He was a man of remarkable skill as a mechanic, and the inventor of a steam carriage for common roads, a Justice of the Peace for the borough of Scarborough, and thrice Mayor. Harland writes: 'I was fondest of drawing, geometry, and Euclid; indeed I went through the first two books of the latter before I was twelve years old. At this age I was sent to the Edinburgh Academy.'[1] He attended the Second and Third Classes under Mr. Cumming. In 1844 he returned to his native place, and, though his father wished him to become a barrister, he preferred to follow the bent, evidences of which he had given while at the Academy, and decided to be an engineer. On his fifteenth birthday he began a five years' apprenticeship in the works of Robert Stephenson & Co., at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the expiration of which he was employed by Messrs. J. & G. Thomson, marine engine-builders, at Glasgow. Subsequently he was engaged by Mr. Thomas Toward, shipbuilder, on the Tyne, as manager of his yard, in 1853, where he succeeded in improving the *quality* of work turned out for the Russian Government, China, and the Continent.

But by Christmas, 1854, he had been appointed manager of a shipbuilding yard at Belfast, situated on what was then known as the Queen's Island, a spot described as formed out

[1] See *Men of Invention and Industry*, by Samuel Smiles, LL.D., 1884, p. 291.

of the 'slob-land,' a sort of Isle of Dogs, capable of improvement by reclamation, about fifteen acres in extent, and admirably adapted for shipbuilding. The proprietors of this concern, Messrs. Robert Hickson & Co., ultimately sold their undertaking to Mr. Harland and Mr. G. W. Wolff, whom he took as partner. And from this time dates the marvellous success of an entirely new branch of industry in Belfast, which has made the firm of Harland and Wolff famous, and has been the means of increasing the extent of their building yard at Queen's Island from four to *thirty-six* acres.

The theory and practice of Harland, now so largely followed, in his building of steamers, aimed at securing greater carrying power and accommodation for cargo and passengers by increased length rather than beam. For, as he had anticipated, such vessels showed improved qualities in a sea-way, giving the same speed with the same power, with only a slight increase in the first cost. The system was tried in steamers 340 feet long, beam 34 feet, hold 24 feet 7 inches, built for Messrs. Bibby & Co. of Liverpool, in which the deck was entirely of iron. The rig, too, was unique—four masts of iron in one continuous length, with fore-and-aft sails only, thereby reducing the number of hands required to work them.

Further improvements, with ever-increasing length in proportion to beam, were made upon what went by the name of 'Bibby's Coffins.' To give great carrying capacity, increased flatness of bottom was given, and squareness of bilge. Perfect success followed these designs of what came to be known as 'Belfast bottoms.' Following out these ideas, twenty steam-vessels were built for Messrs. James Bibby & Co., and subsequently many more for the White Star Line.

In 1868 the raising of the steam-vessel *Wolf*, sunk by a collision in Belfast Lough, where she had lain the best part of a year in seven fathoms water, showed the engineering skill and perseverance of Mr. Harland. A full account of this feat is given in the *Illustrated London News* of 21st October 1868, with drawings; and another, more scientific, in the *Engineer* of 16th October of the same year.

During the last few years Harland and Wolff have built some of the largest iron and steel sailing-ships that have ever gone to sea. In the year 1883 they launched thirteen vessels of iron and steel of a registered capacity of some 30,000 tons. The 168 vessels of this sort which they had then built it was calculated, if laid close together, would measure nearly *eight miles* in length.

These details are chiefly taken from the work by Dr. Samuel Smiles, already cited, *Men of Invention and Industry*. Chapter XI. is devoted to a most interesting autobiographic sketch of Edward Harland, who, in a letter dated 'Ormiston, Belfast, January 24th, 1886,' full of kindly recollections of the Academy, and many of his class-fellows whom he names, and, not unkindly, of the 'tingle of the tawse,' writes: 'In the biography I quite expected he (Dr. Smiles) would have used the *third person*, whereas he left it just as I finished it, which was not quite fair to my *modesty*.'

Harland has long been Chairman of the Belfast Harbour Trust. He was Mayor of Belfast at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit to that city, in 1885, when the brilliant reception His Royal Highness met with was enhanced by the hospitable efforts of Mr. Harland.

In July the honour of a Baronetcy was conferred on our

old class-fellow, during Lord Carnarvon's tenure of office, after, it is said, knighthood had been declined at the hands of Lord Spencer.

The recent unhappy disturbances have drawn much attention to Belfast, and evoked much sympathy for Sir Edward Harland, who held office as Mayor also during 1886.

William Drummond Ogilvy Hay-Newton; eldest son of John Stuart Hay Newton, of Newton, attended First to Fourth Classes at the Academy, and was gazetted Ensign in the 72nd Regiment (Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders), 17th May 1850; he was promoted to Captain, 22nd June 1855. Captain Hay served in India during the mutiny with the 72nd Highlanders throughout the operations in Central India; and in pursuit of the rebel forces under Tantia Topee and Rao Sahib, in 1858-59.

In 1863, Captain Hay succeeded to the family estate of Newton, and retired from the army in the following year. He is resident at Newton Hall, East-Lothian; is a Deputy Lieutenant for that county; and a member of the Army and Navy and Carlton Clubs.

Until recently, when he has been much in England, he was one of the most regular of attendants at the Club Meetings.

William Hewlitt; described in the Academy records as son of Lieutenant Hewlitt, R.N., was in the First Class only. Nothing further is known regarding him.

John Hill; son of Mr. George Hill, joined the First

Class, and passed through one or two of the others. He went abroad very soon after leaving the Academy, and is now, it is understood, in business at New York.

Robert Hislop ; third son of Robert Hislop, of Burnrig, Mid-Lothian, attended five classes at the Academy from 1841 to 1846. Subsequently he studied Agriculture with Professor Low of the Edinburgh University, at the same time taking up Chemistry and other subjects associated with agricultural pursuits. For some time he was connected with an old-established brewery at Prestonpans. But the culture of the soil had most of his thought. He invented and patented an ingenious apparatus for cleaning and dressing grain. It is mentioned in the *Journal of Agriculture* as having been the principal novelty in its department at the Agricultural Show in Edinburgh of 1858, and a silver medal was awarded to the inventor of it. In the early days of photography that art had much of his attention. Hislop rode well to hounds, and was fond of all field-sports. He died 8th July 1870.

Sir George Home-Speirs, Bart. ; second son of Sir James Home of Blackadder, eighth Baronet, attended six classes at the Academy ; afterwards studied Law at the Edinburgh University, and passed Advocate at the Scottish Bar in May 1855.

In March 1849, on the death of his brother, he succeeded to the baronetcy. Sir George Home was appointed to the office of Sheriff-Substitute of Argyllshire at Inveraray, 1st May 1867, which post he held till his resignation in December 1879. From the first he has taken an active

interest in the Volunteer movement, and received a Captain's commission in the Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers in December 1859. On the occasion of the great Review by her Majesty in August of the following year, Sir George Home commanded the 2nd Battalion of that corps. His commission of Major he resigned in October 1867. This, however, did not end his service with the Auxiliary Forces. His duties having taken him to the West of Scotland, he joined the Argyllshire Highland Rifles as Captain, 25th June 1873, and, in that capacity, was present in command of his company at the second great Review by the Queen in 1881, when some 43,000 Volunteers passed before Her Majesty. Having through his wife, Lady Home, succeeded to the estate of Culcreuch, in Stirlingshire, Sir George Home took in addition the name of Speirs. He was one of the founders of the Cumming Club, and has ever taken the utmost interest in its welfare, and has been absent from very few of its gatherings.

Charles William Hope; eldest son of Mr. James Hope, Writer to, and Deputy Keeper of the Signet, and grandson of the Right Honourable Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session, went through six classes of the Academy. Afterwards he read with a private tutor in England, joined the Military Academy in Edinburgh, subsequently took up the study of Natural Philosophy and Law at the Edinburgh University; and ultimately became a Civil Engineer. In this capacity Mr. Hope was in the employment of the East India Railway Company from October 1859 to June 1861. He entered the Service of the Government of India in October of that year, and was employed in the

Public Works Department till October 1879; when he retired from the Service on a pension, after the completion of the Sone Canals, on which he had been engaged. His services in that Department include work in the North-West Provinces, British Burmah, and Bengal. Since his retirement from Government employ, Mr. Hope has been engaged by the Lahore Municipality as their Secretary and Engineer; and in 1883 he officiated as Secretary to the Municipality of Calcutta. With the exception of the intervals caused by his tenure of these offices from 1879, Mr. Hope has been actively engaged in the formation of a railway to the Dehra Dhun Valley, to serve Mussoorie, Landour, etc., which has entailed upon him much labour in the way of plans, surveys, and correspondence. His expectation is that through his agency a company may be formed in London for the construction of this line.

Since his retirement, Mr. Hope has written much for the Indian newspaper press on subjects with which his wide experience has made him familiar.

Charles Hope, who is still at Dehra Dhun, was one of the earliest members of the Club, and was in the chair at the dinner of 2nd January 1878.

Hugh Hunter; son of Mr. Hugh Hunter of Mauritius, and nephew of Adam Hunter, M.D., Abercromby Place, with whom he resided while at the Academy, attended the First, Second, and Third Classes. After leaving the Academy, he went to Mauritius, where his father's firm (Hunter, Arbuthnot, & Co.) was established, and died there many years ago.

HENRY CHARLES FLEEMING JENKIN; was the only child of Captain Charles Jenkin, R.N., of Stowting Court, Kent. Mrs. Jenkin, his mother (H. C. Jackson), was the author of several novels which had considerable success, especially those which depict life in French provincial towns. His connection with Scotland was through his mother's family.

He attended three classes at the Academy; and afterwards, in 1846, went to school at Frankfurt-am-Main. While a student at Paris, he witnessed many of the scenes of the Revolution of 1848. At the University of Genoa he devoted himself to the profession of an Engineer, and took the degree of Master of Arts in 1850. Returning to England in 1857, he was apprenticed with Fairbairn's at Manchester. Subsequently he was engaged on survey duty in Switzerland; and under Messrs. Newall of Birkenhead, in the preparations for laying the first Atlantic Cable. Mr. L. D. B. Gordon, who was associated with him in this work, had been Professor of Engineering at Glasgow, and through him Jenkin was placed in communication with Professor Sir William Thomson.

In Messrs. Newall's service Jenkin was intrusted with their chief engineering and electrical work, and designed many appliances connected with the machinery used in laying cables, electrical testing, etc. He was at this time concerned with the first Atlantic Cable, the Red Sea Cable, a line laid between Singapore and Batavia, and that between Malta and Alexandria. He likewise accompanied several other cable expeditions in the Mediterranean. A striking incident of one of these voyages is recorded at page 121.

In 1859 he was elected Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers, in which year he gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Submarine Telegraphs.

In 1861 he established himself in London as a Civil Engineer in partnership with Mr. H. C. Forde.

At this time, encouraged by Sir William Thomson, he produced, among other scientific writings, his paper on the *Transmission of Signals through Submarine Cables*, which was published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*.

He also became Secretary to the Committee proposed by Sir William Thomson, and named by the British Association at Manchester in 1861, for the determination of Electrical Standards; and for many years wrote their reports. Here he was closely associated with his old school-fellow, Clerk Maxwell, in work the results of which have since been practically ratified by the Paris International Conference of all Civilised Governments, held in 1883-84.

Fleeming Jenkin was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1865, and in the year following was appointed Professor of Engineering in University College, London; and, after holding that office for two years, 1866-68, exchanged it for the Chair of Engineering at Edinburgh.

Having taken out a patent for signalling apparatus through long submarine cables he joined Sir William Thomson and Mr. C. F. Varley in an agreement to work in concert at this subject, which has led to important improvements.

While in partnership with Mr. Forde, and subsequently in conjunction with Sir William Thomson, Professor Jenkin acted as Engineer to many of the most important Submarine Telegraph Companies of Europe and America, and, in prose-

cution of the work, saw much of life at sea, having visited North and South America on more than one occasion.

In 1868 he was elected a Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and was examined before the Select Committee on Scientific Instruction.

Professor Jenkin took an active interest in technical education, and was a Director of the Watt Institution in Edinburgh; for several years was a Vice-President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and was President of the Mechanical Section of the British Association at the Edinburgh Meeting in 1871.

In addition to his patents for inventions in Electricity already mentioned, he held others for Bridge Work, Hydraulics, Gearing, and Caloric Motors.

But his attainments in science were not the only striking characteristic of Fleeming Jenkin; he was an excellent draughtsman, a good shot, a successful fisherman, a hardy mountaineer, and his yachting and boating enterprises were many, and boldly carried out. Intimately acquainted with Continental literature, he gave special attention to the study of the French drama. In the admirably managed dramatic reunions at his house in Edinburgh, that for so many successive years delighted his numerous friends, no one was more successful than Jenkin himself in a light French comedy part; certain of the plays of Sophocles adapted for the occasion by our old school-fellow, Professor Lewis Campbell of St. Andrews, and the rendering of various parts by Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin, will not be soon forgotten by those fortunate enough to witness them.

Not the least useful of his many schemes was that of the

establishment of a Sanitary Protection Association for the systematic inspection of dwellings, on the model of Sir William Fairbairn's Steam-Boiler Association. Such associations have proved most successful in Edinburgh, in London, in many of the large towns of England and Scotland, in the United States, and in Canada.

At the time of his death, 12th June 1885, Professor Jenkin was intensely interested in an invention to which he had given the name of *Telpherage*, a system for the transport of loads by means of electricity. This singularly ingenious invention, which now awaits the test of commercial utility, it may safely be affirmed, will be more heard of at some future day.

Professor Jenkin's writings are far too numerous to be specified here, and they deal with the most varied subjects. His *Magnetism and Electricity*, published in 1873, has reached a seventh edition, and has been translated into German, Italian, and French. *Reports of the Committee on Electrical Standards* was issued in 1873; *Bridges*, reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1876; and *Healthy Houses*, 1878—a work now long out of print, as is, it is believed, the American version of it. Of papers there are no end—on science, sanitation, education, and general subjects. Most noticeable among these are his reviews of the *Origin of Species*, which induced Darwin to modify certain of his arguments; and that of Dr. Matthews Duncan's *Fecundity*, which was reprinted entire by Dr. Duncan in the second edition of the work. Professor Munro, whose *Lucretius* (the Atomic theory) Jenkin reviewed, acknowledged himself indebted for the reviewer's excellent article on the subject; moreover, John

Stuart Mill confessed that he had 'established a breach in the old political-economical doctrine as to an exact ratio betwixt supply and demand being measurable by price.' He occasionally contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, *Macmillan*, *Nineteenth Century*, the *Saturday Review* and other periodicals, chiefly on subjects connected with Art and the Drama.

Besides the distinctions already mentioned, Professor Fleeming Jenkin was elected Honorary Member of the Société Professionnelle d'Hygiène, Paris, and in 1883 received the Honorary Degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow.

Jenkin was for many years a Director of the Edinburgh Academy, and such faith had he in that good old school, that he placed his three sons there as pupils. His wit and quaint humour were nowhere better seen than at the meetings of the Cumming Club.

At Stowting, in Kent—which place has been in the family for two hundred and forty years—there has been placed in the old church a very beautiful window to the memory of our class-fellow. And, it may be added, there is almost ready for publication a work to be entitled '*Papers, Literary and Scientific, by H. C. Fleeming Jenkin*, edited by Sidney Colvin and Professor J. A. Ewing; with a *Biographical Sketch* by R. Louis Stevenson—2 vols.'

William Learmonth-Mackenzie; son of William Colville Learmonth-Mackenzie of Craigend, Stirlingshire, was for one year at the Academy in the Third Class. He subsequently went to sea, and became second officer of his ship. Afterwards he settled in Bombay, where he was very

successful as a merchant. Our class-fellow, it will be remembered, was known to us as 'William Learmonth;' but his father having succeeded to a considerable fortune by his wife, a Miss Mackenzie, added that name to his own, as did all his family.

Mr. Learmonth-Mackenzie died at Bombay, it is understood, some seven or eight years ago, and was succeeded by his two sons.

Robert Hasty Leishman; son of Mr. James Leishman, Inverleith Place, attended the First, Second, and Third Classes at the Academy. After leaving the Academy he spent some years in Mauritius; subsequently proceeded to Australia, and died of consumption at Illilawa in that country, 27th June 1866.

Professor Eadie and Professor Cairns have both spoken of his having been a pupil of theirs at one time.

Charles A. M'Dougall; third, and now eldest surviving, son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir John M'Dougall, K.C.B., of Dunolly; attended the First, Second, and Third Classes. From the Academy he went to the Honourable East India Company's Military College at Addiscombe in 1847, and was appointed to the Bengal Army, his commission as Ensign in the 9th Regiment of Native Infantry being dated 8th June 1849. He passed an examination in the Hindustani language, and was promoted to Lieutenant, 1st June 1854. In August of that year Lieutenant M'Dougall took part in a military expedition on the North-West Frontier, and was wounded in an engagement with the Hill Tribes near Peshawur. In October 1854 he was appointed to the

2nd Regiment of Infantry of the Gwalior, or Scindiah's, Contingent. At the siege and capture of Lucknow, in March 1858, he served in the capacity of interpreter to the 79th Cameron Highlanders; and as Adjutant to Colonel Ross's Camel Corps during the siege, and at the capture of Calpee in May of the same year. He was again wounded in an encounter with the rebels in the Jugdispore District in October 1858. M'Dougall having attained the grade of Major retired, 10th June 1871, and was given the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. For his services in India he has received the Mutiny Medal, with Clasps for 'Lucknow' and 'Central India;' and the India War Medal with Clasp for 'North-West Frontier.'

He is now resident at Dunolly.

George Lewis M'Gregor; described in the Academy records as son of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Gregor, was in the First Class only. Nothing more is known regarding him.

William M'Kean; fourth, and youngest, son of Mr. John M'Kean, Manager of the Scottish Widows' Fund Assurance Society, attended the Sixth and Seventh Classes, and began his working life in his father's office. But very shortly after he went to New York, and entered an Insurance Office, in which work it is understood he is still engaged.

Napier Kincaid Johnston Mackenzie; his father, Brigadier-General James Mackenzie, was an officer of some distinction in the Bengal Army, and commanded the 8th

Bengal Cavalry at the battles of Chillianwallah and Gujerat. His mother was a Johnston of Carnsalloch, and so connected with the Napier family. Therefore, when our class-fellow and his younger brothers were sent to this country from India to the care of their grandmother, it was only with the intention that they should return there, in the military service, as to their natural home, as soon as their education was completed and commissions obtained for them. Napier Mackenzie passed through the first five classes at the Academy; subsequently was placed with a private tutor at Odiham in Hampshire; after which he studied for some time at Bonn, and other places in Germany.

He was appointed a Cadet of Cavalry for the Bengal Presidency, and joined the 6th Bengal Light Cavalry; his commission as Cornet is dated 20th December 1848. He passed an examination in the Hindustani language, and was promoted to Lieutenant 4th November 1852. His career was a very short one; his health failed, and he died in his father's house at Simla on 26th April 1856.

Peter William Marriott; son of the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, Bath, passed through the Fifth and Sixth Classes; afterwards devoted himself to the study of medicine, matriculating at University College, London, in 1850; at Bath United Hospital; and St. Bartholomew's, where he was prizeman in Physiology. In 1854 he became a Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries.

In 1859 he joined the Medical Service of H.M. Indian

[1] His two brothers passed from the Academy direct to the Bengal Army, and did good service during the Mutiny. Both rose to the rank of Colonel before retiring.

Army, after a competitive examination, and was attached to the 1st European Regiment Madras Fusiliers, his commission as Assistant Surgeon bearing date 10th February. With this corps he served till 1862, when he returned to this country on sick leave.

In 1869 he took the degree of M.D. at the University of Giessen, by examination; and a similar degree, also by examination, at St. Andrews in 1877. He is a member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, of date 1881, and of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, 1883. He is likewise a Fellow of the Linnæan Society.

Dr. Marriott has been for many years in medical practice at Mentone, and holds the position of Officier de Santé, Alpes Maritimes, dating from 1864.

PHILIP MAUGHAN; son of Captain Philip Maughan, R.N., went through the first four classes, and afterwards to Broughton's Private Academy at Newington; thence to the Edinburgh University. Subsequently he was apprenticed to a firm of Writers to the Signet, and for a time devoted himself to the study of law.

Thereafter he proceeded to Canada, and, after spending five years in that country, returned to London, and has since been established in business in the City. Mr. Maughan was one of the original members of the Club.

ST. CROIX MINVIELLE; a son of Mr. D. R. Minvielle of the Island of St. Lucia, was four years at the Academy, and, it is believed, returned to St. Lucia after leaving school. He will be remembered for his great strength and activity; a

favourite pupil of old Mr. Roland. Through the kindness of the Governor of St. Lucia, we learn that some of the family are still in that island, and that our class-fellow, St. Croix, is now in Cuba.

WILLIAM MOSMAN; second son of Hugh Mosman of Auchtyfardle, Lanarkshire, was for one year at the Academy in the Fifth Class, having been previously a pupil of Dr. Cowan, at the Grange School, near Sunderland, for five years. After leaving the Academy he attended various classes in Edinburgh during the next two years, and afterwards went to Liverpool, where he entered into the mercantile business, which he has followed until within the last few years.

Mr. Mosman is now residing at Auchtyfardle, of which place his brother is now proprietor.

JAMES PATON; eldest son of John Paton of Crailing, county of Roxburgh, attended the First to Fourth Classes. After leaving the Academy he was for three years at the Grange School, Sunderland; afterwards one year at the Naval and Military Academy, Edinburgh, under Captain Orr. He joined the 4th King's Own Royal Regiment, his Ensign's commission bearing date 15th February 1850. The departure for the Crimea of the 4th King's Own was a memorable occasion in Edinburgh annals. With it James Paton served throughout the Crimean campaigns of 1854-55, including the battle of Inkerman, and the siege and fall of Sebastopol, at first as a Subaltern of the Grenadiers, and ultimately in command of them, a distinction—seeing that

particular Company had a certain reputation in regimental tradition, by reason of staunch endurance at Corunna, Bunker's Hill, and elsewhere. While on duty in the trenches before Sebastopol, Lieutenant Paton was wounded, as has been related (p. 114).

Captain Paton proceeded to India, and served with the 4th Foot in the campaign for the suppression of the Mutiny in 1857-58. At the attack on the Fort of Beyt he succeeded to the command of the troops engaged in that duty, on the senior officer being dangerously wounded.

Major Paton, who was promoted to that rank in 1865, retired from active service in 1871. His good services in the Crimean War gained for him the Chevalier's Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Crimean Medal with Clasps for 'Inkerman,' and 'Sebastopol,' and the Turkish War Medal. He has also received the Indian Mutiny Medal.

For twelve years he held the position of Major in the Border Rifle Regiment of Volunteers; and is now settled with his wife and family at Fernieherst Castle, near Jedburgh.

John Paton; eldest son of the Rev. John Paton, minister of the parish of Ancrum, Roxburghshire (cousin of James Paton above mentioned) attended the First to Fifth Classes at the Academy. His education was completed chiefly at Brussels, and by a short course of study at the Edinburgh University.

Circumstances decreed that he should adopt the profession of Banker, and he has been singularly successful in his career, at first in Canada, afterwards in New York.

While in the former country, he became Honorary

Secretary of Queen's University and College at Kingston, which post he held for twelve years. He was also appointed a member of the Canadian Government University Commission of 1862.

It was through John Paton's exertions that, during the Fenian troubles in Canada, the 14th Princess of Wales' Own Regiment of Canadian Volunteer Militia was organised for active service. After commanding that regiment for six years, he retired in 1869, and was allowed to retain his rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Our school-fellow is now head of the well-known and important banking firm of 'John Paton & Co.,' whose headquarters are at Union Buildings, William Street, New York.

The photographic portrait which he has recently sent to the Cumming Club, conveys the impression of a dignified and robust man of business, such as this slight sketch shows him to have been, and still to be. His letters are full of kindliness and good feeling towards his old school-fellows.

ALEXANDER PEARSON; described as 'son of the late Captain Pearson,' and residing, in 1842, at 7 West Maitland Street, attended the First and Second Classes. All inquiries regarding him have failed.

WALTER H. PEARSON; described as 'son of Dr. John Pearson;' attended the First and Second Classes. Nothing further can be learned concerning him.

FREDERICK PITMAN; son of Major-General Pitman, C.B., was one year at the Academy in the First Class; after-

wards one year at Loretto School, three or four years at a private school in Gloucestershire, then for two years with a tutor in Staffordshire. His education was completed at Edinburgh University. He passed as Writer to the Signet, and joined the well-known law firm of J. & F. Anderson.

Mr. Pitman has for many years been distinguished for his active support of the Conservative policy in Scotland, and took a prominent interest in the formation of the Scottish Conservative Club in Edinburgh—so much so that not long ago it was determined, by the members of that Club, that his portrait should be painted with a view to its being presented to Mrs. Pitman as a token of the appreciation in which his services towards the party are held.

The Cumming Club are indebted to Mr. Pitman for his energetic performance of the duties of Secretary to the Club during many years in the earlier period of its existence.

William Winter Raffles; third son of the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D., F.Z.S., etc., a very distinguished divine, heir-male and representative of the famous Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of Java, attended the Fourth Class at the Academy, 1844-45. For the next two years he was a student at the Edinburgh University, attending the classes of Professors Pillans, Dunbar, Sir William Hamilton, etc. Subsequently Mr. Raffles entered business in Liverpool, where his family has been settled for a long period. He has now retired from public life, and is settled with his family at Belsize Park Gardens, London. In early life Mr. Raffles travelled much on the Continent of Europe, and in 1854 made the ascent of Mont Blanc, at

that time considered a much more remarkable feat than it is nowadays.

CHARLES ROBERTSON; fourth son of Major C. Robertson of Kindace, Ross-shire, attended the first three classes under Mr. Cumming. Afterwards he proceeded to the Scottish Military Academy, and to the University, Edinburgh. Mr. Robertson succeeded, as only surviving son, to the family estates on the death of his father in 1868. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant, and Justice of the Peace for the counties of Ross and Cromarty; and at present 'for the sake of education'—so he writes—resident at Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath; and is a member of the Constitutional Club, London. Mr. Robertson's name as 'Student of Law' appears on the earliest list of members of the Cumming Club.

JOHN C. ROBERTSON; fourth son of Dr. J. A. Robertson, F.R.C.S.E. and Lecturer on Surgery, was for one year at the Academy, in the First Class; afterwards was at school in Germany and in Paris. On his return to this country he studied medicine, and passed as Surgeon in Edinburgh in 1853. He has practised purely as a Psychologist, and is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society.

Mr. Robertson is now resident at Portobello, but is not in practice.

HENRY RYBOTT; son of Major Rybott, was in the First Class only at the Academy: further than this nothing is known regarding him.

ALEXANDER M. SCOTT; described in the Academy records as 'son of the late Hugh Scott,' and residing at 24 Saxe-Coburg Place. It is only known that he attended the First and Second Classes.

DOYLE MONEY SHAW; not one of 'the Class' is better remembered, or with more kindly feeling, than Doyle Shaw; and this not entirely on account of the six years he spent at the Academy. His life has been one of constant activity *per mare per terras*, and is, perhaps, best described in the following characteristic letter received from him in answer to his class-fellows' demand for autobiographic notes. It is dated, and runs, thus—

'"All in the Downs *The Poonah* is steaming!"

'April 15th, '86, 9 P.M.

'The Pilot will be landing somewhere in the Isle of Wight a few hours hence . . . As it is not my "adventures"—which I should really *blush* to have to rehearse—that you want me to send you, but only one or two ordinary facts of my being, etc. . . . Well, to take them *seriatim*—

'*Firstly*, I was born at Rutnagherry, in India, the 10th October 1830; *Secondly*, was the fifth, and youngest, son of my ill-starred father, who died while I was still a *babe*. *Thirdly*, his name was David Shaw, and he was a Surgeon in the Bombay Army. *Fourthly*, I did all my "study" (such as it was) at the Edinburgh University, and passed the College of Surgeons there in 1854, when I entered the Navy; served in the Black Sea throughout the Crimean War in H.M.S. *Spiteful*—Crimean Medal, Clasp for "Sebastopol," and Turkish Medal.

'Came home; was appointed to a battalion of Marines; sent to China in '57. Served with them in China for three years and a half; was present at the capture of Canton in 1857; at the Peiho disaster in '59; at the capture of the Taku Forts in 1860; and in all the subsequent operations that led to the capitulation of Pekin. Was twice mentioned in despatches; specially promoted, and got the China Medal, with Clasps for "Canton," "Taku," and "Pekin."

'Then served for three years on the North American and West Indian Station. Then for three years in the flag-ship *Octavia* in the East Indies, in which ship I was present throughout the Abyssinian War, and got the War Medal.

'Then I had medical charge of the Dockyard at Malta for three years; and was stationed at Chatham for three years in the guard-ship; afterwards had three years in the *Serapis*, Indian trooper. After that, two years in the *Duke of Wellington* flag-ship at Portsmouth. Next, three years in the *Alexandra*, flag-ship, in the Mediterranean, in which I was present at the bombardment of the Forts of Alexandria, and in subsequent operations under Lord Alcester—Medal with Clasp, Khedive's Star, and Companionship of the Bath.

'In February 1883 I was promoted to my present rank of Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, in which I have just finished serving two years at the Naval Hospital at Plymouth, and am now on my way out to take charge of the Naval Hospital at Malta.

'So here ends, for the time, my—to any one but myself—very uninteresting story; except, by the way, that on being promoted in 1883, I further improved the occasion by getting *married*. . . . Remembrances to all of the old Club, notably

Tait, Bell, Patrick Watson, Home, Bob Stuart, Allan Stewart, Forbes, and Hay-Newton.'

This bare record fails to do justice to the services of our old friend. It might be related, for example, how Sir Hope Grant mentioned to one of our Club the admirable pluck and coolness with which Doyle Shaw, in China, on one unfortunate occasion alluded to above, accompanied and tended his sailors as they fell wounded, in a dangerous position, knee deep in mud.

The return, from time to time, from foreign service of this distinguished officer—the *originator* and first Secretary of the Cumming Club—with honours and decorations thick upon him, have ever been occasions of interest to his classfellows; and Dr. Cumming's frequent inquiry used to be—'How many medals has Doyle Shaw *now*?'

JOHN PRINGLE SHERRIFF; only son of the late Major Robert William Sherriff (well known in India as 'Tiger Sherriff'), attended the First and Second Classes at the Academy under Dr. Cumming. After leaving the Academy he studied at Allesley, near Coventry, Warwickshire, and at the Naval and Military Academy in Edinburgh, 1848-50. In the following year he was appointed to the 35th Regiment Bengal Light Infantry, his Ensign's commission being of date 20th January 1851. He served with that corps till 1857.

Throughout the Indian Mutiny, 1857-58, Sherriff served on the Regimental Staff of the 2nd Punjáb Infantry, and was present at the siege, assault, and capture of Delhi; as also at the battle of Nujufghur, under Brigadier-General Nicholson. After the fall of Delhi, he accompanied the movable column

under Colonel Greathed, and took part in the battles of Bulundshuhur, Allyghur, and Futtehpore-Sekree.

Though still a subaltern officer, he was given the command of a mixed force of the following strength :— 2nd Punjáb Infantry, all ranks, 110; Alexander's Horse, 50; Local Horse, 150; Local Infantry, 150—460 men in all, with two guns, in the Etawah District; and had several sharp encounters with the enemy.

At Beejhulpore, on the river Jumna, Sherriff and his force captured five guns, and the entire standing camp of the Mutineers.

Subsequently Captain Sherriff served in the Looshai Expedition of 1871-72, against the wild tribes on the North-East Frontier of India. It was on this occasion that Mary Winchester, a tea-planter's daughter, was carried off by the Looshais, her father having been murdered. She was afterwards recovered.[1]

In command of the 42nd Regiment Assam Light Infantry, Major Sherriff, who had been promoted to that rank in January 1871, took part in the Duffla and Naga Expeditions of 1874-75 and in 1879-80 respectively.

Sherriff passed examinations in Hindustani; and was admitted to the Bengal Staff Corps on the 12th September 1866. His services on five different occasions have received acknowledgment by the Governor-General of India, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; and he has received the Indian Mutiny Medal with Clasp for 'Delhi,' a Brevet Majority for service in the field 'as a

[1] Further details of this incident may be found in a *Narrative of the Looshai Expedition*, by Lieutenant Woodthorpe, Royal Engineers.

subaltern officer,' and the Frontier War Medal, with Clasps for 'Looshai' and 'Naga' Expeditions; also in 1884 a good service pension of £100 per annum was conferred on him. Colonel Sherriff was promoted to the rank of Major-General 4th March 1887.

JOHN R. SIMPSON; son of Colonel John Simpson of the Honourable East India Company's Service, attended the First, Second, and Third Classes. He joined the Bengal Army, and was posted as Ensign of the 10th Native Infantry, 9th December 1850.

Ensign Simpson served in the Burmese War of 1852, throughout the operations in the vicinity of Pegu, and received the Medal and Clasp for the campaign. His gifts as an artist will be remembered by many of his class-fellows. During the operations in Burmah, his talents found plentiful opportunities, and many of his paintings executed in that country were, it is understood, in the possession of his friend the late Sir Arthur Phayre, who commanded in that province.

In 1855 Simpson's regiment proceeded to Futtehghur, arriving on the 12th April. On the 9th of July of the following year he was promoted to Lieutenant, after having passed an examination in the Hindustani language.

For some days after the sudden outbreak of the Mutiny had startled the whole of India, but before the 10th Native Infantry had openly joined in it, desertions from its ranks had been continuous, and were daily reported. At this time the officer commanding the regiment brought prominently to notice the assistance afforded to him by Lieutenant Simpson —his 'right-hand man,' he styled him. He had great influence

with his own company, and apparently with the natives generally; for his Commanding Officer mentioned with warm praise the 'pluck' shown by Simpson in going alone through the villages in the neighbourhood of Futtehghur, using his personal influence to induce some of the better-disposed to join the ranks of his regiment to fill up the places of the deserters.

The mutiny of the regiment at Futtehghur, and the fate of the officers and others at that station, are among the most melancholy incidents of the Indian Mutiny. Simpson was with his regiment when it mutinied, and when the officers with their families were forced to abandon the Fort of Futtehghur, and to seek safety by going down the river Ganges in boats. He was in the large boat belonging to Mr. Robert Thornhill, one of the Civilians of the station. It grounded on a sandbank, and was captured by the Mutineers, not however by the men of the 10th Regiment, who did not molest their officers. According to the account given by Simpson's servant, who was present and brought the tidings to his brother at Meerut two months afterwards, his master was shot through the head while in the act, in fulfilment of his promise, of defending Mrs. Thornhill: 'he fell back into the river, dead, a merciful fate' (it is added) 'as it turned out, for the survivors were amongst the martyrs of Cawnpore.' The date of his death is 4th July 1857.

The unfortunate lady mentioned was god-mother to a little niece of Simpson's, and he had, in a letter written before the outbreak, said that in the event of things coming to the worst he would do his utmost to help her husband in defending her.

These details have been furnished by a relative of Lieutenant Simpson's in Switzerland.

CHARLES SPENCE; son of Mr. Alexander Spence, Solicitor, Agent for the Commercial Bank, Constitution Street, Leith, attended five classes at the Academy, leaving in 1846. Afterwards he went to Australia, where it is understood he died in 1857.

Spence was one of the founders of the Club (see p. 80).

JOHN STEELE; son of Mr. Joseph Steele, Inverleith Row, appears to have been only a short time at the Academy in the First Class.

ALLAN DUNCAN STEWART; eldest son of Colonel Alexander Stewart of Strathgarry, and the Honourable East India Company's Service, passed through the first six classes of the Academy; after which he attended the classes of Professors Kelland and Forbes at the Edinburgh University. Then he entered St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and gained various College prizes and a Scholarship in Mathematics. Likewise he had the honour of being Captain of the Peterhouse eight-oar when it was fourth on the river—a height it has not, it is believed, since attained. In 1853 he passed his final examination, and obtained the position of Ninth Wrangler, the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was elected to a bye Fellowship in Peterhouse.

Having chosen the profession of Civil Engineer, in 1855 he became pupil of Messrs. B. & E. Blyth in Edinburgh, and was ultimately appointed by them Resident Engineer of the

Banffshire Railway, and of a section of the Portpatrick Railway, during their construction.

In 1861 he began business as a Consulting Engineer in Edinburgh, which he continued for some twenty years. During that time he carried out several important works; but was principally engaged in advising other engineers as to the strength of structures in which an intimate knowledge of the application of Mathematics was required, and in assisting them with detailed designs.

Two such works are of special interest, namely the great Railway Bridges over the Firth of Tay and the Firth of Forth. The circumstances connected with the former undertaking justify some mention in detail.

The Tay Bridge was a single-line railway bridge, about two miles in length, crossing the Firth of Tay about a mile above Dundee, in connection with the North British Railway system. From the time the scheme was first projected the Engineer, Mr. Bouch (afterwards Sir Thomas), consulted Mr. Stewart on various scientific details, more especially with regard to the superstructure, which consisted of a number of continuous girders, some of them of a large span.

Sir Thomas Bouch had intended to make the piers of brickwork, but ultimately adopted brick foundations surmounted by cast-iron piers. These piers were not designed by Mr. Stewart, nor was he consulted as to their sufficiency. The bridge was finished in 1878; and, after a long and careful examination by the officers of the Board of Trade, approved of.

In December 1879, during a storm of wind, a portion of the bridge fell while a train was passing along it, causing the

deaths of all the passengers. An official inquiry threw very little light on the cause of the calamity. The result, however, of a very careful examination by many of the most able engineers in the kingdom showed that all portions designed by Mr. Stewart, or portions with regard to which he had been consulted, were amply sufficient. Whatever was the cause of the fall, it is certain that if the work had been constructed as originally designed, and sufficiently maintained, the bridge would have withstood the storm; and it is considered probable that the accident arose from the train leaving the rails.

In 1864 Sir Thomas Bouch consulted Mr. Stewart regarding the details of a Railway Bridge crossing the Firth of Forth near Blackness Castle: four spans of 500 feet, with others smaller, were proposed, and Mr. Stewart designed the girders. An Act of Parliament was obtained in 1866, but the work was not carried out.

Sir Thomas Bouch conceived the idea of attempting a crossing at Queensferry. Though no span of 500 feet had yet been constructed for a railway in Great Britain, his scheme included a stiffened suspension capable of carrying railway trains at high speed, with two clear spans of 1600 feet. After eight or ten years of study, designs were prepared by Mr. Stewart; and the drawings and calculations were approved by a committee of engineers. An Act of Parliament was obtained, and the works were actually begun, when the fall of the Tay Bridge, and the death of Sir Thomas Bouch, caused them to be abandoned.

The Forth Bridge Company then consulted three of the most experienced engineers in London; and they referred the consideration of the details and expense of various forms of

spans of 1700 feet for the bridge agreed on to Mr. Stewart. After several months of study he selected the plans to be adopted, and the works are now in progress. The engineers for this great undertaking are Sir John Fowler and Mr. B. Baker; and Mr. Stewart is head of their Staff in London.

He succeeded, on his father's death, to the estates of Strathgarry and Innerhadden in Perthshire. Three of his sons have been educated at the Edinburgh Academy. Allan Stewart was one of the earliest members of the Cumming Club, and, up to the time of his removal to London, was a constant, and since—thanks to the Forth Bridge—a frequent attendant at its gatherings.

ALEXANDER STRANGE; was one of a race fruitful of good soldiers, the Stranges of Balcaskie in Fife, a family dating from the 14th century. His father, Captain Alexander Strange, served with the 13th Light Dragoons at Waterloo. His uncle, Lieutenant Alexander Strange, carried the Colours of the 'Black Watch' through the battles of the Pyrenees, and died of wounds received at Toulouse. His father, Lieut.-Colonel Strange, commanded the 25th King's Own Borderers. Our school-fellow joined Mr. Cumming's Class in 1842, remaining through the session of 1843-4, his younger brother (now Major-General Thomas Bland Strange, R.A.) at the same time joining the First Class.

From the Academy, Strange went to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, whence he obtained a commission dated 16th June 1848 in his father's regiment, the 25th Borderers, then serving in the Madras Presidency. While the regiment was stationed in Southern India Strange was employed in the

suppression of an armed rising of the Moplahs, as has been mentioned in an earlier part of this volume (page 123).[1]

Subsequently he was appointed to a company in the 2nd Battalion of the 14th Regiment, 1st October 1858, and served with them in the war in New Zealand in 1860-1. In the course of operations there, hearing that his cousin, Captain Thomas Strange of the 65th Foot, was severely wounded in the advanced rifle-pits, and could not be attended to, Alexander Strange succeeded in making his way to his assistance, which was, however, of little avail, as his cousin's wound was a mortal one. Captain A. Strange afterwards served in the New Zealand War of 1863-65, including the actions of Korwa and Rangarari, and was mentioned in despatches for 'conspicuous forwardness' with the advanced skirmishers, most of them very young soldiers, in the attack on the enemy's rifle-pits at Korwa, 17th July 1863. For these services he received the Brevet of Major, and the New Zealand War Medal.

This 'upright and kind-hearted man' died at sea 11th June 1870, on his way home from service in New Zealand and Australia.

Robert Laidlaw Stuart; fifth son of Mr. Alexander Stuart, Writer in Edinburgh, and one of the original proprietors of the Edinburgh Academy, is one of the few who passed through the whole seven classes; and obtained the Medal for Mathematics in the Seventh Class. After leaving

[1] Allusion is apparently made to this outbreak of 'Moplah devilry' in Capt. L. J. Trotter's *History of India under Queen Victoria*, vol. i. p. 251, *apropos* of the success of Mr. Strange (a relative of Captain Strange), in quieting these fanatics.

school he studied law at the Edinburgh University, and in 1856 passed as Writer to the Signet. He was appointed Circuit Clerk of Justiciary in 1863; and in 1869 Procurator-Fiscal of Mid-Lothian, which office he still holds.

Mr. Stuart has been for several years a Director of the Edinburgh Academy. And since the year 1864 he has performed the duties of Honorary Secretary to the Cumming Club. He was one of the founders of that institution, and it is certain that to his activity and kindly feeling is due, in great measure, the present flourishing condition of the Club.

Two of Mr. Stuart's sons have been educated at the Academy, and his youngest is at present in the First Class.

Francis Grant Suttie; second son of Sir George Grant Suttie of Balgone, East-Lothian, fifth Baronet, attended the First, Second, and Third Classes at the Academy. As he was destined for the Royal Navy his studies were for some time after his leaving the school prosecuted with that view. He was appointed Midshipman 15th October 1847. As Acting Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, Frank Suttie served with distinction in the Black Sea during the Russian War, 1854-55.

His services with the Naval Brigade in the trenches before Sebastopol are described in a preceding part of this book (p. 115).

He was promoted to Lieutenant 15th February 1855.

Suttie is described at this time as 'a slim, pale, young fellow, very pleasant, very attentive to his work, and with the reputation, afloat, of a *good officer*.'

For his services in the Eastern campaign he was decorated

with the Order of Medjidie of the Fifth Class, and received the Crimean, and Turkish War Medals.

From 1856 to 1858 Suttie was employed on board H.M.S. *Castor*, 36 guns, with Commodore Trotter, on the Cape of Good Hope Station; afterwards in the *Royal Albert*, 120 guns, flag-ship of Sir Charles Fremantle, K.C.B., from about 1859 to 1861. After having served as Flag-Lieutenant to the Admiral commanding at Portsmouth Dockyard Lieutenant Suttie was promoted to the rank of Commander, 3rd March 1863. Subsequently he commanded the *Salamis*, paddle despatch-vessel, employed in the Channel and Mediterranean, from which he was promoted to Post-Captain, 10th December 1869. Afterwards in the *Nymph*, 8-gun sloop, he served on the Australian Station.

Captain Suttie retired from the service in January 1882. Latterly he settled with his wife and family at North Berwick, where he died, 28th February 1884.

Peter Guthrie Tait; son of Mr. John Tait, a gentleman well known in the Dalkeith district as Private Secretary to the late Duke of Buccleuch. Through all the classes, from the First to the Sixth, when he left the Academy, Tait was easily our leader. After studying in companionship with James Clerk Maxwell, under Professors Forbes and Kelland,[1] he proceeded to St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Great things were expected of him; nor were his old masters and class-fellows disappointed, for in due course he became Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman for 1852. This afforded an occasion of high festival and

[1] *Life of James Clerk Maxwell*, p. 133.

rejoicing to his school-fellows, as has been fully detailed elsewhere. From 1852 to 1854 he was one of the mathematical lecturers in his College, and took his degree of M.A. in 1855. For six years—that is, from 1854 to 1860—he was Professor of Mathematics in Queen's College, Belfast. In the latter year he returned to Edinburgh, having been, to the satisfaction of very many, elected to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University. Year by year his reputation as a lecturer has increased. The crowded class-room, and the rows of eager and interested faces, show that the art of holding fixed the attention of his hearers is with the lecturer. Absolute clearness of vision, great simplicity and frankness of speech, a dash of humour of a very delicate and subtile nature, are adjuncts to—or it may be, in some measure, the explanation of—this rare and excellent gift.

Professor Tait's reputation as an author was established by the production of the *Dynamics of a Particle*, 1856, a work executed in conjunction with the late Mr. W. J. Steele.

His short papers and memoirs have been many and various. For the most part these have first appeared in the *Transactions* and *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. Others have been printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, the *Quarterly Mathematical Journal*, the *Messenger of Mathematics*, the *Philosophical Magazine*, *Nature*, etc.

Tait's *Elementary Treatise on Quaternions*, 1867, is a well-known work in the higher range of Pure Mathematics; and in this branch of science may be mentioned his papers on *Knots*.

The *Treatise on Natural Philosophy*, written by Professor Tait in conjunction with Sir William Thomson, has been pronounced 'one of the greatest books which have appeared

since the *Principia*—a book not only profound, but full of original methods of treatment.'

In Mixed Mathematics Tait has done much original work. A paper of his, on the 'Rotation of a rigid body about a fixed point,' gained for him the Keith Prize of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. His memoir on *Mirage* is a notable piece of Mathematical Physics. His most recent work of this class is on the *Kinetic Theory of Gases*.

In the department of Experimental Physics also he has contributed not a little. He has published an important experimental paper on *The Pressure Errors of the Challenger Thermometers*; several on *Thermo-Electricity*; and, along with Dr. Andrews, a memoir on *The Volumetric Relations of Ozone*. One of the most attractive and 'popular' of his works is his *Lectures on Some Recent Advances in Physical Science*, 1876, which has since reached a third edition, and has been translated into French, German, and Italian. Hardly less popular are his recent works on *Light*, *Heat*, and *Properties of Matter*.

But it may be said that the work which, more than any other with which Professor Tait's name is connected, has proved acceptable to readers beyond the circle of scientific inquirers is, *The Unseen Universe*, which he and a fellow-worker, Professor Balfour Stewart, produced in 1875. The views propounded in this work, and the assaults made in it—up to this present unanswered—upon Materialism in Science, and anti-theological doctrine sometimes advanced in connection with this branch of knowledge, support, in no slight degree, the position taken up by our school-fellow, James Clerk Maxwell, and thus possess a peculiar interest for his old friends, as to many others.

Yet another volume I would name—of *Philosophy Paradoxical*, rather than 'Natural,' a book full of the quaintest conceits, notable by reason of its unlikeness to any other—a book almost demanding a shelf for itself. Whatever may be the exact proportions of each of the joint-authors' shares, there are passages where Tait's hand is not to be mistaken. The character of the hero, Hermann Stoffkraft, Ph.D., is in Peter Guthrie Tait's queerest and happiest humour.

At the Royal Society of Edinburgh P. G. Tait is well seen; and at the meetings of the Cumming Club, year by year; not less so on St. Andrews Links, where, at early morn, while others sleep,

> 'Agile and light, each tendon strung,
> With healthy play of each active lung,
> He strides along o'er the dewy ground,'[1]

as he himself sings sweetly.

Professor Tait was President of Section A. of the British Association at the meeting in 1871; in 1879 was appointed General Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and he was a member of the International Congress of Electricians that met at Paris in 1881. He is also an Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Sciences of Copenhagen, and of the Imperial University of St. Vladimir.

Amongst his home honours are also to be counted his Honorary D.Sc. of the Queen's University, and the attribution of the Keith Prize of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and last winter one of the Royal Medals was awarded to Professor Tait by the Royal Society of London.

[1] 'Song of the Glutton,' *Golf* (Edinburgh, R. and R. Clark), page 250.

Tait's views, however, with regard to certain distinctions in the world of science, eagerly sought after by many, are well known.[1]

Lastly it may be noted that all four of Tait's sons have been pupils at the Edinburgh Academy.

DAVID TOD; son of Mr. David Tod, Stafford Street (in 1842). He left us in 1843 after two sessions, and died while we were yet at the Academy, in 1845. Sir George Home Speirs writes: 'I remember Mr. Cumming announcing the fact to us in the class, but in such a low voice that he was not heard by many.'

WILLIAM TOD; eldest son of Mr. Robert Tod of Heatheryhaugh, Dumfriesshire, was in the First and Second Classes; thereafter, for a short time, a pupil at the Proprietary School, Kensington Square, London. Subsequently he read with a private tutor until he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1849. In 1857 he took his degree of B.A. and that of M.A. two years afterwards. Mr. Tod is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Dumfries, and is resident at Heatheryhaugh, near Moffat.

ALFRED UTTERSON; third son of the Rev. A. G. Utterson, Rector of Layer-Marney, Essex, joined the First Class at the Academy and, along with his brother, left it after several sessions for Tarvin Hall School, near Chester, where he was a pupil for some years, prior to his being placed under Mr. Howard's care in Gower Street, in preparation for Addiscombe. At the Military College he went through the usual

[1] *Quasi Cursores* (Edinburgh University Press), 1885, page 75.

course of study, and passed out in December 1851. His commission as Ensign in the Bombay Army is dated 12th December of that year. He was attached for a short time to his brother's regiment, the 20th Native Infantry, and was ultimately appointed to the 2nd Bombay European Light Infantry (now the 106th Foot; or 2nd Battalion, Durham Light Infantry).

He served with his regiment in Sinde and in the Persian Campaign in 1857; arriving in that country after his brother's death (p. 118). He accompanied the expedition under Sir James Outram which, starting from Bushire on 3rd February 1857, after a forced march of 'forty-six miles in the worst of weather and deluging rains' (General Outram's despatch) captured the town and entrenched camp of Burazjoon, on the road to Shiraz, with 18 guns and the magazines and stores of the Persian army; and was present at the battle of Kushâb, 8th February 1857, when the Shah's army under the Commander-in-chief was defeated with much loss.[1]

Subsequently Lieutenant Utterson, with his regiment, proceeded to the Southern Marathi country, after the outbreak of the Mutiny, and took part in the pursuit of the rebel Rajah of Shorapore on the borders of the Nizam's territories, in February 1858.[2]

On the amalgamation of the Honourable East India Company's forces with the royal army, Captain Utterson was attached successively to the 7th Bombay Native Infantry and 1st Grenadiers, Native Infantry, and with the latter regiment accompanied the expedition against the Foudlee Arabs

[1] See *Life of Sir James Outram*, by Major-General Sir Frederick Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I., 1880, vol. ii. 153.

[2] See *Story of my Life*, by Colonel Meadows Taylor, vol. ii. p. 262.

in the vicinity of Aden, in 1866-67. After his return to India, from furlough to this country, he did duty again with the 7th Native Infantry, and in various grades with the 15th Native Infantry, and was finally in command of that regiment.

Colonel Utterson served in the late Afghan War, and on his retirement on pension, shortly after, was given the honorary rank of Major-General. General Utterson has received the India War Medal with clasp for 'Persia,' and the Afghan War Medal.

Matthews Corsellis Utterson; second son of the Rev. A. G. Utterson, Rector of Layer-Marney (elder brother of the above), joined the First Class of the Academy at the same time as his brother, and, after several sessions passed there, was for a few years at Tarvin Hall School, and subsequently with Mr. Howard in Gower Street, London, preparatory to his examination for the Indian Army. On arrival in Bombay he was attached to the 7th Regiment Native Infantry, and was afterwards permanently appointed to the 20th Bombay Native Infantry. His commission as Ensign is of date 31st May 1848. With this corps he embarked for the Persian Gulf when the expedition against the Shah's dominions was undertaken in November 1856. Lieutenant Utterson landed at Ras Halilla on the 7th December.

A narrative of his gallant conduct and untimely death at the assault on the Fort of Reshire[1] has already been given.

[1] Conf. *History of India under Queen Victoria*, by Captain L. J. Trotter, vol. i. p. 344, where, however, the circumstances of Major Malet's death (*supra*, p. 118) are erroneously stated. They are more precisely described, and Utterson's sad fate mentioned, in an article (from the pen of the late Col. J. A. Ballard, C.B., I am informed) entitled 'The Persian War of 1856-57,' in *Blackwood* for Sept. 1861, p. 348.

Immediately after the event, a Field Force Order was issued by the General Officer commanding the troops in Persia, bearing testimony to what was the general feeling regarding Utterson and the other officers who fell on that occasion; and when some record of our Class was first spoken of, a reference was made to the officer commanding the 20th Bombay Native Infantry, requesting him to be so good as to furnish a copy of the order in question. But it was found on inquiry that the Order Books of 1855-57, in which doubtless there was that relative to Utterson's and Warren's deaths, had been destroyed by a committee on the regimental records prior to the regiment's leaving Bombay in 1877.

The only entry alluding to Utterson's death that could be found was part of a descriptive narrative in the Regimental Record Book. It makes very brief mention of the facts as already stated; and it is added that Lieutenant Utterson 'died on his way to the hospital ship *Result*, having been shot through the chest.'

After the capture of the city of Bushire, as has been said, the remains of Lieutenant Utterson were removed from their temporary resting-place, where they had been laid with military honours, to the precincts of the Armenian Church within the town, and were interred in the court-yard close to the Church.

George Vertue; eldest son of the late Mr. William Vertue, Wine Merchant, Leith, attended the First to Third Classes at the Edinburgh Academy, after which he went to Wiesbaden, where his education was completed.

Before succeeding to his father's business, which he did

in 1853, he passed four years in London with the firm of Messrs. George Vertue and Co.

James Vertue; second son of Mr. William Vertue, Merchant, Leith, attended the First to Fifth Classes; after leaving the Academy, and two years' study at the Military College of Addiscombe, was appointed to the Madras Engineers, his first commission bearing date the 13th June 1851. Lieutenant Vertue passed examinations in the Tamil and Telugu languages, and was promoted to Captain, 25th November 1864. He was appointed an Executive Engineer of the first grade in October 1867, and served in that capacity at Chingleput and Trichinopoly. His promotion to the rank of Major bears date 5th July 1872.

Major Vertue was one of the earliest members of the Club, and when on furlough to this country attended one of the meetings in 1865. He died at Trichinopoly in 1876, not long after his return to India from a second furlough.

At Christmas 1886 his tomb at Trichinopoly was visited by our class-fellow William Donald, Deputy Accountant-General of Madras.

Alexander Watson; son of the Rev. Jonathan Watson, minister of the Baptist Church, Dublin Street, attended the Second Class at the Academy. He is understood also to have been for some time at the High School. He is now, we believe, a banker at San Francisco.

Andrew Watson; son of Mr. Hugh Watson of Torsonce, Writer to the Signet, passed through the first five

classes at the Academy. He studied for the legal profession, and was afterwards apprenticed to Messrs. Hay and Pringle, W.S. Before, however, settling down to the business of his vocation he spent a considerable time in foreign travel, in Italy and the East. In 1852 our class-fellow, Hugh Gray, met him in Egypt. Watson had been up the Nile with two friends, and had just reached Cairo: 'They had got into sad trouble,' Gray writes, 'at Thebes on their way down. Their boatmen quarrelled with the crew of another *dahabieh*, who, with the help of a lot of sympathising villagers, boarded them in the middle of the night, and a fight ensued. Watson and his friends fired their guns repeatedly over the heads of the combatants. Then some one—the Reis, it was supposed—got hold of Andrew's rifle, always kept ready for crocodiles, and shot one of the Thebans. The matter was ultimately settled at Cairo by the payment of a considerable sum to the man's relatives.' At Beyrout Watson made acquaintance with a necromancer who told him many curious things.

Andrew Watson was admitted Writer to the Signet, 18th November 1858, the third in generation of his family thus 'admitted.' He was one of the earliest members of the Club, whose meetings—where his singularly quaint and peculiar humour was much appreciated—he rarely missed. He died in 1867.

Patrick Heron Watson; third son of the Rev. Charles Watson, D.D., sometime minister of the Parish of Burntisland, attended the whole seven classes at the Academy and, along with young Hay of Duns Castle, a supplementary Eighth Class. He afterwards studied medicine at the Edin-

burgh University, devoting the greater portion of his four years there to Surgery and Hospital work; and took his degree of M.D. in 1853. At the Royal Infirmary he held office as House Surgeon to Dr. Richard Mackenzie, whose noble work with the Highland Brigade in Turkey and in the Crimea, and sad death after the Alma will be remembered.

Watson, on the urgent advice of Professors Syme and Simpson, determined in October 1854 to join the army in the East, in the hope of rendering some assistance to the troops, and with a view to gaining professional knowledge. Having passed the examination for admission to the Army Medical Department he was sent in December 1854 to do duty for a short time at Fort Pitt, Chatham. Thence he was ordered to proceed to Pera, and Scutari, which place he reached in the end of January, and was ordered on to Kulali near, and on the opposite shore of the Bosporus from, Therapia, to do duty at the Barrack Hospital. He was quartered in the palace of the Sultan, in the central part of the front of the building, overlooking the Bosporus. At this lovely spot, as well as at Scutari, grievous sickness had broken out among the invalids sent down from the Crimea; an average of 20 per cent. in the day died. At the former place from the 1st to the 23rd January there had been 2450 deaths in the hospital.

At Kulali many of the sufferers from the intense cold of the Crimean winter came under Watson's hands. Special mention has been made of an important operation performed by him at this time, namely amputation of both feet at the ankle joints, necessitated by frost-bite. In this case Dr. Watson was able to give the sufferer the benefit of the procedure pursued

by Professor Syme, modified in some degree by that practised successfully by his friend Dr. Richard Mackenzie, by which some of the difficulties of this operation are obviated.[1]

The work that this state of things entailed on the medical officers was overwhelming; and more than one succumbed. Consequently at the beginning of April, after two months of severe work, Watson was attacked with typhus fever of a serious type. After a month spent at Therapia, however, he was able to resume his duties at the hospital at Kulali.

But his desire was to be attached to the troops in the Crimea, where his brother, the Rev. Robert Watson, an Academician, was already doing duty as Presbyterian Chaplain with the 79th and the Highland Brigade. By 10th June his wish was fulfilled by his being ordered to the front. He was attached to the Castle Hospital at Balaclava. Here, to the unceasing accompaniment of the boom of cannon, he carried on his work under many discouragements.

On the 29th June Watson was gazetted Staff Assistant Surgeon, and some time after was transferred, by his own desire, to the heavy Howitzer Field Battery of Royal Artillery in camp at Karani. Till the 13th August he served with his battery. But overwork and the unwholesome water at this place, with exposure when in a debilitated state, brought on an attack of serious illness. He was carried down to the harbour almost at the last stage of exhaustion, and embarked on board the *Imperador* for Scutari, on the date named. At the Hospital there Watson and his brother, who had also fallen sick, were under the care of Miss Nightingale. It was not till the 13th

[1] See *Memoir of Richard James Mackenzie, M.D., F.R.C.S.*, by Dr. J. Warburton Begbie and Dr. John Struthers. Edin. 1855, p. 19.

September that Watson was able to be taken on board ship on his way to Malta—where the news of the fall of Sebastopol reached him—and to England.

On the 5th November Dr. Watson was gazetted Assistant Surgeon of Royal Artillery. While in the Crimea he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. During the last six months of his military career he served with the troop of Royal Horse Artillery at Woolwich.

Dr. Watson resigned his commission in August 1856. For his services in the East he has received the Crimean Medal with Clasp for 'Sebastopol,' and the Turkish War Medal. He was entitled also to the Sardinian Medal. The battery to which he was attached in the Crimea formed part of the force that with certain Sardinian and French troops engaged a division of the Russian army at the Traktir Bridge over the Tchernaya. All the officers of the battery received the medal from the Sardinian Government; but, seeing that Patrick Watson was at the time lying sick and helpless in his tent, he does not wear this decoration.

Having left the army Dr. Watson became Assistant to the late Professor Miller at Edinburgh; Assistant Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary and Lecturer on Surgery; also giving lectures on Military Surgery. As Assistant Surgeon, on the occasion of the temporary absence of the late Professor Syme, Dr. Watson took his place, and for some two months lectured on Clinical Surgery. Subsequently during several years he delivered courses of lectures on Military Surgery and Hygiene. These became extremely popular, and usually commanded a voluntary attendance of from three hundred to four hundred students and medical practitioners, in each

session. The secret of this success has been attributed, in part, to characteristics akin to those which have won for him his reputation as one of the very few great Surgeons of our time; namely, absolute precision, perfect coolness, great capacity; with gentleness of hand, mind, and manner.

It is needless to speak here of Dr. Watson's long and successful professional work in Edinburgh.

While Dr. Watson was President of the Royal College of Surgeons a Special Embassy under Lord Rosslyn was sent to attend the first wedding of King Alphonso XII. of Spain, with the Doña Mercedes. To this Embassy Dr. Watson was appointed a paid *attaché*. They left this country, 9th January 1878, and returned on 6th February.[1] In memory of this incident various decorations were conferred on members of the Embassy by the Spanish Government. To Watson was given the rank and the beautiful Cross of 'Caballero de la Real y distingueda Orden de Carlos Tercero,' the Order of Charles III., the first Order of Spain after that of the Golden Fleece; the brevet is dated Madrid 12th February 1878.

In July 1882 Dr. Watson was appointed to the post of Surgeon to the Queen in Scotland.

On the occasion of the Tercentenary celebration of the Edinburgh University in February 1884 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him. On two different occasions Dr. Heron Watson has been appointed to the office of Representative of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh in the General Medical Council, namely on 21st June 1872 for three years, and 21st June 1885, also for three years.

Further, Dr. Watson has been President of the Medico-

[1] See *Foreign Office List.*

Chirurgical Society; of the Harveian Society; Surgeon to the Chalmers Hospital for Sick and Hurt; and is now Consulting Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, and the Leith Hospital. He has held office as Surgeon to the Eye Infirmary, to the New Town Dispensary, and other institutions. He has likewise held office as Examiner to the Royal College of Surgeons for twenty-seven years; Examiner in Surgery to St. Andrews University; and to the Triple Qualification Board, composed of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Glasgow Faculty; and Senior President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Since 1864 he has held the commission of Assistant Surgeon, and more recently Surgeon, and Surgeon Major, to the Queen's Edinburgh Regiment of Volunteers. On the death of Dr. Haldane Dr. Heron Watson was, in May 1887, elected by a very large majority of the General Council, Assessor to the Court of the University of Edinburgh. Very recently—that is, in July of the present year—he has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

Dr. Heron Watson's contributions to medical literature have been numerous. Amongst other subjects, he has written on 'The Excision of the Knee-joint.' He cut out the Larynx before the operation was performed in Germany, where it is supposed to have originated. He was probably the first in this country to excise the Thyroid Gland, and wrote a paper describing a new method of operation.

Finally, Watson has missed few meetings of the Cumming Club; and his elder son is now a pupil in the Sixth Class at the Academy.

THOMAS F. WEBSTER; attended one session at the Academy in the Fourth Class. Except that he appears afterwards to have gone to London, nothing more is known of him.

GEORGE JOHNSTONE WELSBY; who came from England to the Academy where he passed through the first three classes, afterwards—it is understood—was engaged in business in Liverpool or Birkenhead, and is believed to have subsequently gone to America.

EDWARD WILLIAMS; described as 'son of Dr. Williams,' was in the first three classes; nothing further can be ascertained regarding him.

ANDREW WILSON; a volume might be written—and a mighty entertaining one—on the career of Andrew Wilson, one of the most remarkable men the Academy has produced. He was the eldest son of Dr. Wilson of Bombay, the well-known Orientalist, and Missionary of the Scotch Church. He attended the first five classes under Mr. Cumming. At an early age he became connected with the Indian press as a journalist, and was for some time a writer on the *Bombay Times*. On his return to this country the connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* began which was maintained during the remainder of his life. About 1856 appeared in *Blackwood* a little essay entitled 'Wayside Songs,' characterised by a 'graceful mastery of prose combined with a delicate appreciation of poetry, which gained a ready recognition in the higher circles of criticism,' and raised hopes of greater achievements.

Among his earliest contributions to *Maga.* were papers descriptive of his adventures among the wild tribes of the Sinde frontier and Beloochistan, a region which at that time could only be traversed at much personal risk. When he was about thirty years of age he went further to the East and took the post of editor of the *China Mail.*

In the capacity of journalist he accompanied the Pekin Expedition to Tientsin. Wilson travelled a great deal in the south of China from time to time, living among the natives as one of themselves, and thus obtained a knowledge of the people such as very few foreigners have ever possessed. Consequently the task which was intrusted to him of writing the history of the Taiping Rebellion, and chronicling the deeds of Colonel Gordon's *Ever-Victorious Army*, in papers originally published in *Blackwood*, could not have fallen into better hands. The work was completed in this country in 1868.

The views of the Far East, which his experiences as a wandering journalist had opened up to him, gave material for many interesting articles for the same Magazine, such as 'An Inland Sea of Japan' and 'Six Weeks in a Tower,' a graphic narrative of his residence among the Chinese at a post in the Kweishin district, about a hundred miles from Canton, where he 'beguiled the time with study of native manners, and contrasts of Chinese with English character, writing poetry, and recalling verses of his favourite authors.' The result attracted much notice.

Somewhat later an epoch in his travelled life was a summer and autumn spent in Switzerland, which furnished material for a series of articles in *Blackwood* in 1865-66.

On his return to India he edited for a time the *Star of*

India, and afterwards the *Bombay Gazette*. But the impulse of travel was strong upon him at this time—that is, in 1874; so much so that, when he was on his way to Simla to recruit his health and beheld the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas, he was seized with the desire to penetrate into the upper valleys of those desolate regions. Probably no journey of the same extent and difficulty was ever undertaken by one so physically unfitted to undergo severe fatigue and privation. His spirit and endurance enabled him to accomplish feats which might have tried the pluck of even an Alpine Club man. He was unable to walk a hundred yards or mount a horse. He was carried in a *dandi* by a party of native bearers that he had organised ;[1] otherwise alone, he completed his journey of five months' duration from Simla to the borders of Chinese Thibet, and thence along the whole line of the Western Himalayas. His way lay through valleys for the most part 12,000 feet above sea-level; sometimes he reached to a height of 18,000 feet. At times his lonely way led him along narrow goat paths, or ledges of deep precipices, across immense glaciers, and over the roughest blocks of granite and treacherous slabs of slate. The account which he afterwards gave in *The Abode of Snow*—that most fascinating work—of the unknown beauties of the Himalayas, and their white and glittering solitudes, in language marked by genial humour and delicate poetic interpretation of the charms of mountain landscape, forms his best claim to rank among accepted travellers.

'Andrew Wilson was the founder of a school of travellers which as yet has had no other representative except himself. . . . Though his aims were not those of the explorer

[1] *Supra*, p. 125.

or the sportsman, personal incident and picturesque description are scattered so lavishly throughout his books, that the reader imagines himself in the company of some one of the great African travellers rather than in that of a confirmed invalid who is taking refuge, amid the wilder beauties of nature, from an oppressive sense of bodily infirmities. His was a genial delight in natural beauty and grandeur, which seldom rose to feelings of sublimity, but which nevertheless sank deeply, if quietly, into his nature.'[1]

The final excursion made by Wilson was a run through the wild State of Kathiawar, in Western India, shortly before his departure from that country, furnishing material for a thrilling narrative of a visit to a famous Hindoo temple, to the inner shrine of which no European, it is believed, has been able to penetrate before or since. The last subject of his active pen was *Twenty Years of African Travel*, a retrospect of the discoveries of Speke and Grant, as compared with those of more recent explorers. This work appeared in the autumn of 1876. A few articles of his were printed from time to time in the *Athenæum*.[2]

Andrew Wilson died on 9th June 1881 at Howtoun, Ullswater, which he had made his home for the last few years of his life.

Richard Thomas Winscombe; youngest son of the Rev. Thomas Cave Winscombe, Vicar of Warkworth, Northumberland, and grandson of John Clutterbuck of Warkworth, J.P., passed through the first four classes, and

[1] See an appreciative paper in *Blackwood*, July 1881, p. 141.

[2] *Athenæum*, 18th June 1881. See also a notice in *Men of the Reign*.

after leaving the Academy went to the Grammar School at Durham, where he gained a scholarship. At Durham University he won an open scholarship, as also a Barrington Scholarship and a Lord Crewe's Exhibition. Though he suffered much in health, probably in consequence of an overstrain in boating, he persevered for his B.A. degree. He was nominated to a curacy in Shropshire, and left the University with a high reputation, and full of enthusiasm for the work before him. He was, however, stricken down with serious illness, and died on 19th December 1855, three days before the period fixed for his ordination by the Bishop of Hereford. He was buried at Warkworth, beside his father.

John Shaw Wyllie ; son of Colonel John Shaw Wyllie, after three years at the Academy, in the First to Third Classes, obtained a commission as Ensign, 12th April 1850, in the 72nd (Duke of Albany's) Highlanders, then stationed at Barbadoes. In 1853 he retired by the sale of his commission and, it is believed, afterwards went to Australia.

William Younger ; eldest son of Mr. William Younger of Craigielands, Dumfriesshire, and grandson of Mr. Younger of Ardyne, Argyllshire, and Craigielands, was in the first three classes at the Academy. In 1853 he became, in succession to his father, senior partner of the old-established brewing firm of William Younger & Co., from which he retired in 1869, since which time he devoted himself to a country life. In 1879 he purchased the beautiful estates of Corehead and Auchen Castle from the trustees of the late Colonel Butler Johnstone ; and in 1884 from the Duke of Buccleuch the

lands which lie between Auchen Castle and Moffat, rich in historic memories. Within the last few years Mr. Younger suffered much from ill-health, and passed several winters and springs in Algeria, whence he wrote, in April 1886, very feelingly regarding these annals.

He died at Auchen Castle, on the 4th August 1886, and was buried at Kirkpatrick-Juxta.

[In prospect of the Thirty-sixth Meeting of the Cumming Club a letter was received, in June last, from Sir George Home Speirs, written by one of his family. A few gentle and kindly words were added *with his own hand*. He was very ill. It was with much concern that we heard of the death, on 30th July, of our old class-fellow.]

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ERRATA

Page 117. *For* 'composed of' *read* 'was composed of.'
„ 122. „ 'Mr. Milne Edwards' *read* '*M.* Milne Edwards.'
„ 133. „ 'First to Fifth Class' *read* 'First to Sixth.'
„ 143. „ 'Simpson' *read* 'Simson.'

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